TAKE ONE

the film magazine

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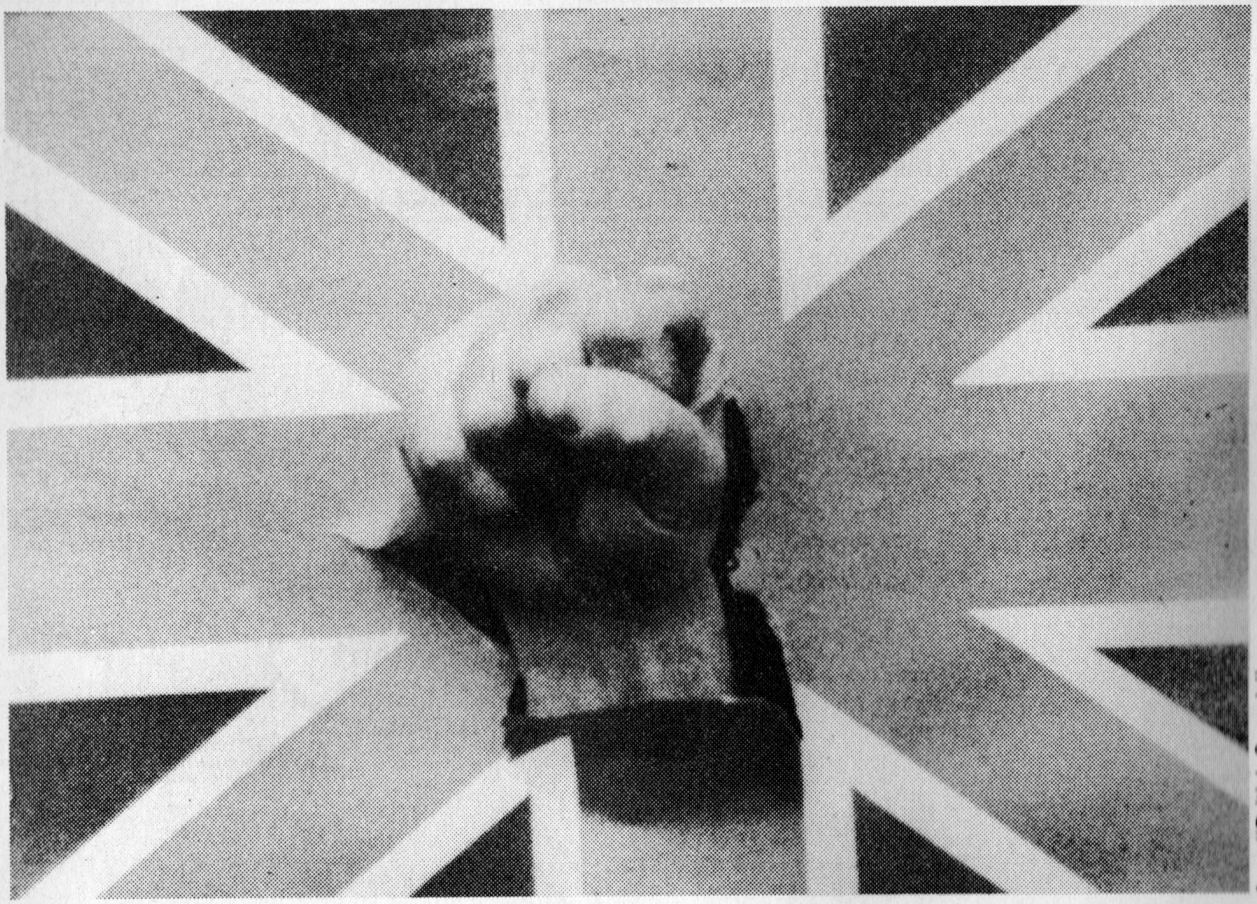
*Glad you asked. An interview with the man who created you; an article on the new-style 3-D movies; a discussion with Alan Arkin, Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland on the set of their latest film; plus columns and reviews. A 24-carrot issue, you might say.

Round about mid-February, keep an eye peeled for the next issue of Take One, which we have wittily entitled our



from "British Sounds"

ULTIMATE GODARD

issue, signifying its dedication to what must surely be one of the most important and inventive cinematic imaginations of all time -- that of Jean-Luc Godard. Filmographies, bibliographies, articles, and an incredibly comprehensive and up-to-date interview with the master himself will make this issue one worth keeping. Watch for it.

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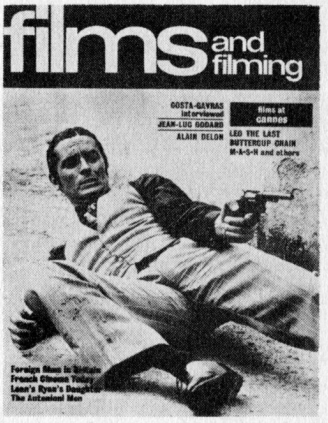

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FEED-BACK

TAKE ONE welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters over 500 words in length. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Ever since coming to the U.S. to study cinema, I have enjoyed your magazine. Very little is ever heard about films being made in Canada and probably without *Take One,* our efforts would be a complete loss. I do hope you will continue to do your best to write about those films which are Canadian, big or small, and not be side-tracked away from this.

Greg Harstone
Carbondale, Illinois

I was happy that *Take One* printed my article in your last issue (Vol.2 No. 7) on Cambodian films, but I hasten to inform you that I was inaccurately identified as a film critic. I am not. I am a film journalist—an important distinction. Criticism is a high, noble calling beyond my skills; but we also serve who only stand about and wait as journalists. Gordon Hitchens
New York

I must congratulate you on the development of *Take One* that I always read with great interest. I find myself, all too often at variance with specific content that appears to me as being false rationalisation, but there is much to be learnt even if this impression is true.

I like the vigour and the enthusiasm of the writers and it is my earnest hope that *Take One* will go from strength to strength.

Your article, composed upon your interview with me on **2001** (Vol.1, No.11) has been the subject of extensive and highly interesting conversation with countless young students with whom I have gladly made many fruitful hours of pleasant exchange, for which I thank you since it was your effort that resulted in the formation of the article.

Things go well for us at the present and I continue opposition to the political impositions of government authorities who just are not taking courses necessary to establish a truly Canadian film industry.

Wally Gentleman CSC
Dollard des Ormeaux, P.Q.

[Mr. Gentleman, who was interviewed about his role as originator of many of the special effects used in Kubrick's film, heads a special effects production house. —Ed.]

The appearance of the "Mediations" column in *Take One* is a welcome addition. Concerning the article on testing McLuhanistic theories in your last edition I have no information but a question. Did the experimenters to your knowledge take in account the inverse square law when applied to light? Two media such as television and film may cause dilation of the pupil as "hot" or "cold" stimuli, but the human eye is more commonly dilated by a decrease in total light absorption. A picture tube and a film screen, although of different sizes, may *per square unit* emit equal c.p.'s of light but the total light given off by the picture tube is less than that reflected by the larger screen, necessitating a dilation of the eye to register them equally in the mind. My argument is worthless if the experimenters in fact *did* use a viewing screen equal in size to the picture tube, but it may have escaped someone's notice.

J.C. Lawrence
Victoria, B.C.

[The experimenters, at the University of Pennsylvania, are being solicited for a reply.—Ed.]

Please put me on your subscription list starting with issue Vol. 2 No. 7 for six issues. The limit is due to tenuous longetivity.

Richard Buckley
FIC PAC FAC
FPO San Francisco

My apologies to Wanda Gavsie and Zodiac Films for my error in facts. The substance of my complaint, however, is still correct. Eurofilms have the French rights in Quebec but no print and whatever American distributor has the English rights has not seen fit to send a print to the colonies.

My animosity towards distributors was not directed specifically at Zodiac Films, who are indeed far from the worst and are unusually adventurous and tasteful in the films which they tend to import. But I still maintain my strong feelings against the species as a whole, based on my experience both as a filmmaker and former head of a large film society.

Many distributors treat film societies with a mixture of contempt and irresponsibility. They are considered a way of making an extra buck, but not to be taken too seriously. Defective prints, high prices and a simple failure to honour commitments are common occurrences which plague anyone who has tried to run a film society. On the other hand, very few independent filmmakers earn enough money from their film rentals to pay for future productions. With the exception of a few cooperative companies, film distributors are parasites on the creative process who bring pitifully small financial benefit and heartbreaking agonies to struggling young filmmakers. What is called for is a greater sense of responsibility on the part of the distributors to the "little guy" and a greater sense of commitment to the creative medium off which they are making a living.

Ronald Blumer
Montreal

NEWS

During summer 1971, Temple University's School of Communications and Theater will conduct **a film seminar in London**, England for graduate American and Canadian students. Extending from July 5 through August 13, the seminar will cost $395 (not including food, lodging or transportation) and will feature British film directors, writers, actors, critics, educators, etc. For more information, write Dr. Raymond Fielding, School of Communications and Theater, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

The Westinghouse Learning Corporation has recently announced the publication of its **"Learning Directory"**, a seven-volume index to instructional material in all media. 600,000 entries, under some 200,000 specific topics, provide access to 205,000 distinct items in 47 media. The 6,681 page directory costs $90 and is available from the Learning Systems and Media Group of the Westinghouse Learning Corp., 100 Park Avenue, New York, 10017.

Variety reports that a print of Gillo Pontecorvo's **The Battle of Algiers** was subpoenaed by the prosecution in the New York trial of thirteen Black Panthers accused of conspiracy to bomb a number of stores and other public places in the New York area. It is alleged that the film is "required reading" for Panthers.

Back Stage (165 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036) has published a **Film Festival Directory**, listing over 400 film and television festivals (with a total of $150,000 available in cash awards) held around the world. Cost is $10 a copy.

The Greek regime recently banned **The Strawberry Statement** following anti-government and anti-American demonstrations in three movie houses where the film was shown.

J. Parnell Thomas, 75, seven-term U.S. Representative from New Jersey, who became notorious during the national anti-Communist crusade in the late '40s and later was sent to prison for padding his payroll, died Nov. 19 in St. Petersburg, Fla., after a long illness.

He was one of the most active members in the 1947 investigation of what he referred to as "Communist influence in Hollywood," which required the appearance of numerous film personalities before his committee. He was indicted, in November, 1948, on charges of padding his Congressional payroll and served nine months in the Federal Correctional Institution in Connecticut.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and three grandchildren.

According to an article in *The Montreal Star*, Quebec police have seized 100,000 copies of *Scanlan's Monthly*. The January issue of the American left-wing magazine — originally scheduled for October — was printed at St. Jean, P.Q. after printer's unions in five U.S. states refused to handle it.

Ten days before the seizure, RCMP and both provincial and Montreal city police visited a bindery that had been contracted to complete the issue. An RCMP spokesman at the time stated that it had been decided that the issue did not violate Canada's War Measures Act and that "no action is being planned". Nonetheless, the bindery changed its mind about handling the magazine and another firm had to be found at the last moment. Then, through the evening of December 10 and on through December 11, some 75,000 copies of *Scanlan's* were seized at a north-end Montreal bindery and a truck carrying an ad-

FESTIVALS & COMPETITIONS

Temple University will hold its fourth annual **Anthropological and Documentary Film Conference,** March 10-13 1971, with workshops in still and motion picture techniques, sound recording, video tape and multi-media approaches to teaching. Plus screenings of documentary and anthropological films, for which the submission deadline is January 15. For more information write: Film Conference, c/o PIEF, Room 200 South Hall, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

The New Hampshire Network has been designated by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting as the Eastern Center for Creative Cinematography. CPB grants in varying amounts will be administered by the Center for the **support of film projects** to be selected by a panel of judges. Films may be b&w or color, in 16mm, and be anywhere up to 30 minutes long. Write: L.J. Presti, Director, Center for Creative Cinematography, New Hampshire Network, Box Z, Durham, N.H. 03824.

The **U.S. Industrial Film Festival** has announced that entries are now being accepted for the 4th annual awards competition and should reach festival headquarters before March 1. The competition is open to 16mm industrial motion pictures and 35mm filmstrips from around the world. For entry forms and a descriptive brochure, write: U.S. Industrial Film Festival, Suite 216, 161 East Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

The International **Experimental Film Society** will hold its first annual festival and competition February 11-13. The judges will evaluate each film submitted, even if it is not selected for viewing at the festival. Write: The International Experimental Film Society, Canisius College, Buffalo, New York 14208. First prize in each of the three categories (Dramatic, Documentary, Free Form) is $100; best-of-festival gets $250.

The International Film Festival in Mental Retardation will be held (in conjunction with the Conference on Action for the Retarded) March 27 through April 1, in Dublin. A preliminary judging will be held at Parsons State Hospital and Training Center, Parsons, Kansas, in the first few weeks of December. Only 16mm films can be accepted and there are no cash awards. For more data: International Film Festival in Mental Retardation, Attn: Mr. Wade I. Ramsey, Coordinator, Audio-Visual Department, Parsons State Hospital and Training Center, 2601 Gabriel, Parsons, Kansas 67357.

The **Canadian International Amateur Film Festival** is to be held again in 1971 (deadline for receipt of entry forms is March 5). Cash awards of several hundred dollars apiece in each of several categories, plus public exhibition in at least four Canadian cities, go to the winners. Open to amateur filmmakers anywhere in the world. For full information contact: The Festival Director, CIAFF, Box 3583, Station "C", Hamilton, Ontario.

The 1971 **Conference on Visual Literacy** will take place March 7-10 at Asilomar, California. Process groups will investigate the ways in which different media effect a "sea change" in our perceptions. Plus other nifty things.

The first completely American film festival is to be presented in Dallas in March, according to a recent announcement. The first annual **U.S. Film Festival** will be held March 8-14 at the Bob Hope Theater of the Owens Arts Center, Southern Methodist University. Twelve to fifteen of the best American films (majors' releases as well as independents) will be selected by a panel to include Dwight MacDonald, Pauline Kael, Andrew Sarris, and Jonas Mekas.

ditional 20,000 copies to the U.S. was stopped. The police action started just a few hours after U.S. Customs in San Francisco seized, and then released, 6000 copies of the issue which had already been shipped to the West Coast.

The magazines, at press time, were being held pending a police decision as to whether or not charges would be laid. Insp. Toupin, who described the issue as "pretty bad", explained that it might be considered seditious — "but we're not sure yet." He also explained that the magazine may also have violated a city bylaw which apparently requires magazines to obtain a permit before distribution. *Take One*, which has been printed, bound and published in Montreal for over four years, has never been asked to obtain any such permit.

POSITION OPEN

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THE COMING 3-D MOVIE REVOLUTION

BY HAL AIGNER

"*Seeing*. We might say that the whole of life lies in that verb—if not ultimately, at least essentially. . . And that, doubtless, is why the history of the living world can be summarized as the elaboration of ever more perfect eyes within a cosmos in which there is always something more to see. . ."

So wrote Jesuit philosopher Teilhard de Chardin in an extensive analysis of evolution titled *The Phenomenon of Man*. But it recently seems that evolution has arrested its organic evolution of "ever more perfect eyes" in favor of mechanical counterparts. It is with machines that the invisible and the minute, the purely imaginative and the surreal, become visible. The contribution of the 70s to this visionary flow is the proliferation of three-dimensional display systems.

For the devotee of the visual arts, waiting in the near future are total 3-D movies, television and stills. Cinema-in-the-round, the mechanical hallucination, prerecorded and live action coming to you not on your TV screen but actually filling space in your living room. The technical apparatus for all these feats has been invented and now awaits the equalitarian hand of mass production to come into popular usage.

Of prime importance to these developments is the laser, the fantastic beam which is fast becoming every mysterious ray envisioned by science-fiction writers. Because of its one wavelength, one directional light, the laser has been used since the early 60s in the production of holograms, 3-D pictures invented in the late 1940s, in England, by Professor Dennis Gabor.

The process requires the beam to be split in two—one part striking the recording medium directly, the other illuminating the subject and reflecting onto the medium. As the two converge on the plate, they interact and form an interference pattern which is recorded.

When backlit by a laser, the hologram projects an image into empty space which has both depth and parallax (parallax simply means that the appearance of the subject varies according to the angle of view).

The major advantages of holograms are that it supplies a built-in optical system to project the data onto a readout plane—no lenses are required to capture or project the image—and it is less sensitive to dust, film defects, and certain kinds of misalignment, than the conventional photograph because the entire image is spread out over the whole hologram. If one part of the plate is marred or destroyed, the whole image can be reconstructed from the remainder with only a slight loss of resolution.

The penalties of holograms are a large optical loss—only about one percent of the incident light is defracted into the desired pattern—and the major expense of the laser equipment.

The former problem has been tackled with good results by IBM and Bell Telephone Laboratories. IBM manages to use standard silver-halide emulsions and processing chemicals to attain a 30 percent efficiency, and Bell claims optical efficiencies as high as 42 percent through the use of a new recording material, lithium niobate. (Bell, incidentally, has developed a technique which extends hologram depth-of-field from its usual one foot to four feet.)

The equipment expense has been overcome by the development of a triad of techniques which produce "slides" that can be projected by ordinary scattered white light. The most exciting of these is IBM's "fly's eye" process because it promises to place 3-D imagery into the hands of the amateur photographer.

This method uses a multi-faceted lens—called a "fly's eye" lens—in an otherwise conventional camera, to take the original picture. The negative, consisting of hundreds of tiny pictures each showing the scene from a different angle, is sent to the laboratory where a hologram slide is made by shining a laser through it and the fly's eye lens and interfering this beam with a reference laser. The resultant slide is returned to the photographer who can project with ordinary light.

IBM has also invented kinoforms, a non-holographic 3-D projection form. A computer calculates how light rays would be scattered if they actually struck an image and the result is plotted on a sheet of film and reduced to 35 millimeter. The computer is limited, however, to images that can be described in mathematical terms.

Bell Telephone also uses a computer, and suffers the same mathematical restrictions, to produce hologram slides. In this instance, the computer constructs a series of 2-D holograms each showing the 3-D image from a precisely defined unique angle. To make the 3-D image, a series of 2-D holograms are exposed across a plate, one strip at a time. Thus a composite hologram is made and the composite image appears in full 3-D.

Having once mastered the still 3-D image, the transition to movies is virtually the same as occurs in traditional photography: divide the film into frames, expose it to a moving subject, process and project.

The invention of the whole works was completed in 1968 by three physicists, A.D. Jacobson, V. Evtuhov and J.K. Neeland, working at Hughes Research Laboratory in Malibu, California. Their subject was a tank of tropical fish.

The experiment's camera was a Hulcher model 100, 70 millimeter sequential-still model. A manual adjustment was used to synchronize the film, which was at rest about 20 percent of each frame time, with the light pulses emitted by the laser.

Because the apparatus was of Rube Goldberg design, the trio was able to maintain synchronization for 60 percent of the film. Thus an otherwise good-quality 25 seconds of hologram movie was marred by an undesirable image jitter.

Despite the relative success of this initial laser-cinema experiment, the Hughes Laboratory has indefinitely postponed further work on it in favor of high speed, stop-action holography. Fortunately, similar research is being conducted by several other companies and recently director Joseph Strick (**Ulysses, The Balcony, Tropic of Cancer**) has formed the Laser Film Corporation and hopes to begin commercial projection in 1971.

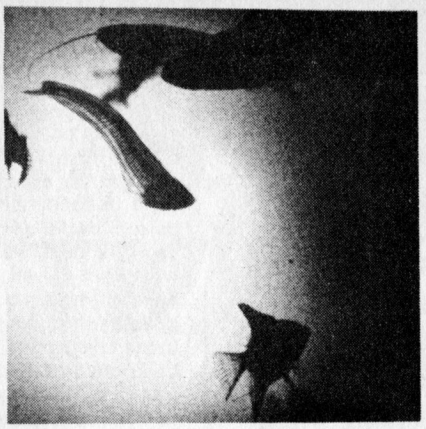
While laser movies now use holography, there is no reason why the "fly's eye" process could not be adapted to movies, and no reason why the computer processes could not be used to produce abstract works like Stan Vanderbeek's **Poem Fields** in 3-D.

As if contributions of optical gain, depth-of-field and computer techniques weren't enough, Bell Telephone Laboratories have also invented a close-circuit, live transmission, 3-D television system.

The key to the new method is a pair of spherical varifocal

BELL LABS

A Bell Labs secretary holds up a computer-generated 3-D hologram, capable of storing vast amounts of information.

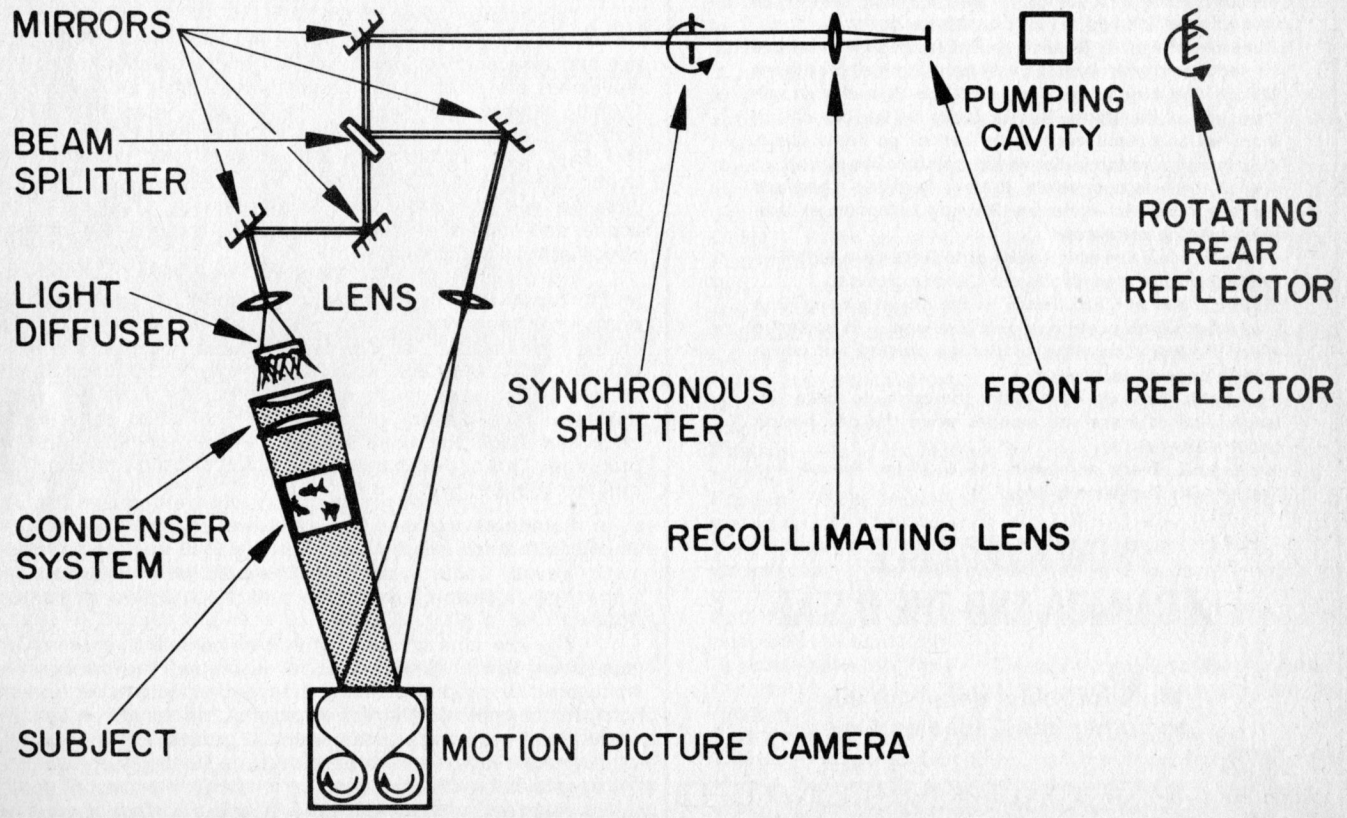


HUGHES RESEARCH LABS

Photograph of a reconstructed image from a frame of a motion picture made using the setup below.

IBM

The reflection from the girl's earring is enough to project a 3-D image from this computer-generated kinoform. Developed by IBM, the kinoform—unlike the hologram—can be viewed in ordinary light.



SCHEMATIC OF MOTION PICTURE HOLOGRAM SYSTEM

The experimental setup devised by Jacobson, Evtuhov and Neeland for producing a 3-D movie of a collection of tropical fish (see above).

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ROBERT CHARLEBOIS PAULINE JULIEN

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This is a film which in its 'vérité' captures the flavour of French Canada completely. It stars Reginald Chartrand the fiery separatist leader and Pauline Julien one of Quebec's leading actresses.
Above all it is a film which belongs to Geneviève Bujold — brightest of the stars in the new Quebec cinema.
'Entre La Mer et L'eau Douce' is the title of a song. Of a love affair which could only end one way — in a silence which neither Geneviève or Claude wanted but which neither one will ever break.
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mirrors. Made of flexible mylar (a plastic-like material), their centers can move rapidly from concave to convex, like loosely fitting drum heads. As the mirror at the transmitting end moves, it reflects portions of a 3-D scene to a short focal length lens. The lens focuses these different views, or "depth planes", one at a time on a rear projection screen. They are then recorded by a TV camera and transmitted.

At the receiving end, a TV monitor displays the 2-D images on a second mirror which instantaneously places them in the correct depth position to reconstruct the original 3-D scene.

To date the varifocal mirror system suffers two limitations which keep it off the commercial market: the technique requires several times more bandwidth than commercial TV, and an odd phenomenon known as "phantom imaging", in which objects in the foreground do not totally obstruct those in the background, hampers clear imaging.

For those who understand that a new medium has cultural effects quite independent of the messages it conveys, the emergence of 3-D systems should be an occasion for excitement. Dynamic changes are in the offing, in the arts and general culture.

Critic André Bazin noted that the advent of photography and films freed Western painting from its obsession with realism because photography could record reality better than painting. Los Angeles intermedia critic Gene Youngblood sees a similar process occuring between television and films. He writes:

"Television has affected the cinema in much the same way that the invention of photography affected sculpture and painting. Cubism and other forms of abstraction were born with the photographic plate because painting no longer could provide the most 'realistic' image. The plastic arts abandoned exterior reality for interior reality. That's what's happening to cinema today as a result of television: movies no longer are providing the most realistic images, so they're turning inward."

In the 70s, 2-D media will no longer be able to provide the most "realistic" images; they will turn within. This is already happening in cinema with the production of underground-experimental-independent films. What will facilitate this happening in television is recent developments in cassette and cable TV.

Television's ignominious days of being known as the "idiot box" and the "boob tube" are numbered. Video arts are just now coming into their own and the vanguard of this movement are small experimental groups such as New York's Global Village, Los Angeles' Rain Dance, San Francisco's National Center for Experiments in Video, Santa Clara's Electric Eye, and individual video-pioneers like Loren Sears, Scott Bartlett and Tom DeWitt. These people agree that the cassette and the cable will bring dramatic changes in the scope and nature of television, adding variety and creative opportunity to the medium.

Video-cassettes are (generally speaking) very similar to the tapes used in small tape recorders. A small package encloses a recording medium which can be repeatedly played on the broadcasting set. The major figures in cassette production are RCA and CBS, which is working in conjunction with Motorola. Both are set to market, within the next two years, television tape players which can be hooked to conventional color and black and white sets to transmit half-hour and hour programs. Target prices range from $400 to $800 with cassettes ranging from $10 to $20.

Cable television is simply a means of supplying the video impulses through coaxial cables rather than using electromagnetic waves. Cable systems, offering 20 to 80 channels, are appearing in most communities with a population larger than 2500.

The low cost of both cable and cassettes increases the ease with which experimental or esoteric programs can be sponsored or produced. Many independent filmmakers predict that the cassette industry will parallel the record industry in variety and proliferation, that musical groups will soon put out audio-visual tapes as well as records, that goodly sums of money may be had from a commission of a few cents per unit.

Whatever, the advent of 3-D systems and of low-cost, personalized television will push our Western culture increasingly toward becoming a totally visual society. What effect this will have on attitudes and outlooks remains to be seen but great days are in store for those who appreciate and work with images. ■

archive 2021

A CINEMA-BLUFFER'S DICTIONARY

BY KEN WLASCHIN

Auteur — French bluffing term for an O.K. director.
Accelerated Motion — A modish new technique invented in silent days by the Keystone Kops.
Angle — The way the cameraman sees a film standing on his head or under a horse.
B-Picture — The bottom half of a double bill. Considered not worth publicising so it became a cult.
Basic Shots — The ABC of the cinema, close-up, medium shot, long shot, etc. Like the alphabet, they can be put together in ways that don't have any meaning.
Bazin, André — Fountainhead of bluffers in France.
Biopic — Glamorous lies on film about a real person.
British Board of Film Censors — British organisation set up to protect us from seeing real life on the screen.
Camera Stylo — A French bluffing phrase coined by Alexandre Astruc. Scribbling with the camera like a biro.
Cinéaste — A French film bluffer or anyone else involved in films.
Cinéma Vérité — The candid camera disguised as an art form.
Clapper Board — A wooden marker board used to indicate the start of sound when filming. The avant-garde like to leave them in the finished picture to show 'reality'.
Cliffhanger — The unexplained disappearance of an Antonioni heroine in the middle of a film.
Continuity — Missing when an actress steps through a door wearing a red dress and emerges wearing a green one.
Crane Shot — Technique used in the Russian film **The Cranes Are Flying.**
Cut — Film punctuation mark, an abrupt move from one scene to another. Also the safest way to get rid of a producer's girl friend when the director has had to give her a small role.
Deflated Cinema — Like expanded cinema but with hot air taken out. Avant-garde cutting down to bare essentials until only black and white frames are left.
Depth of Focus — Preferred to montage by French bluffers.
Director — The man who gets unduly credited or blamed for everything that is good or bad about a film.
Dissolve — Film punctuation mark, fading out one scene and gradually bringing up another at the same time. As in John Gilbert dissolved in laughter.
Dubbing — Putting English words into foreign mouths.
Establishing Shot — Used to be used to set a scene. With Antonioni it becomes the scene.
Editing — Putting together miles of exposed negative so that hopefully it tells a story or a mood or something.
Expanded Cinema — An American avant-garde attempt to use cinema in ways it was never meant to be used. Includes live shadow shows that imitate films.
Exteriors — Outdoor scenes which are often shot indoors.
Fade — To fade out is to go from a picture to total obscurity, as many film stars have done.
Flashback — A technique for starting a film near the end and telling the beginning later.
Frame — The single picture on the strip of film. Each second of projection requires 24 frames which is why mothers should discourage their children from becoming animated cartoonists.
Free Cinema — A British movement started in 1956 by Lindsay Anderson and Karel Reisz to make films about everyday people, the kind of films that most everyday people aren't interested in.
Freeze Frame —A modish technique of making the motion picture look like the still picture by repeating the frame over and over.
General Shot — Used when the director can't find anything in particular he wants to photograph.
Heavy — Bluffer's name for the villain of a picture.
Hollywood Ten — The most talented people in American film-making during the McCarthy era.
Iris — Gradual opening up or closing down of a picture to a pin-point. Modish in the silent era, long unfashionable and now O.K. again
Jump Cut — Cutting with no continuity from one scene to the next. Used to be considered an amateurish failing but professional amateur Godard made it modish with **Breathless.**
Kino Eye — Theory developed by Russian poet Dziga Vertov that the camera saw things truthfully and so should be used for propaganda documentaries.
Legion of Decency — American Catholic organisation set up in 1933 to protect us from seeing real life on the screen.
LUCE — Agency set up by Mussolini in 1925 to make films showing what a good job he was doing as dictator.
Mise en Scène — French bluffing term for atmospheric direction.
Montage — Known as the flick-flick-flick technique. Devised by Eisenstein to win international renown from cinephiles.
Moviola — A little gadget used by the director and editor to see if the uncut film is as bad as they think it is.
Neo-Realism — An Italian movement from 1943 to 1951 which stressed realism by using non-professional actors like Anna Magnani.
Nouvelle Vague — A journalistic term that includes any Frenchman who made his first feature film from 1958 to 1961. A lot did and most of them were lousy.
Oater — A film about horses and the cowboys who ride them.
Post-Synchronisation — Long word for dubbing.
Pan — A camera movement that ensures that the audience will see all the costly extras.
Politique des Auteurs — The policy of the French cult magazine *Cahiers du Cinema* which ensures that its critics only have to write about the directors they like.
Quickie—Nothing to do with sex. A cheap, hurriedly-made and usually shoddy film.
Rhythm — Used by bluffers in such phrases as 'rhythm in the cutting'.
Rushes — Also known as 'dailies'. The bits of unedited film that persuade a producer he should fire a director.
Sarris, Andrew—Fountainhead of Anglo-Saxon bluffers.
Scriptwriter — The unpublicised fellow who usually thinks up a movie in the first place.
Soft Focus — A means of making elderly female stars look beautiful and a bit fuzzy.
Specialisation of Time — Cinephile smokescreen phrase for describing confusion about the work of directors like Alain Resnais.
Sword and Sandal — Cowboy films about gladiators.
Talkies — How you refer to sound films if you prefer silent ones.
UFA — Hollywood's real competitor in the silent era, a German company which specialised in weird camera angles.
Wipe — A technique for changing scene by having one picture push another one off the screen. Once unfashionable but now considered fun.
Zoom — A lens technique used to make Superman serials. ■

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YOU COULDN'T GET CHAPLIN IN A MILK BOTTLE

An interview with Tex Avery by Joe Adamson

Tex Avery, for the uninitiated, is the animation director in whose cartoons the following events are allowed to happen:

- a kangaroo jumps into its own pocket and disappears
- a cowpuncher pauses in the middle of a gunfight to put his wounded pistol out of its misery, and explains, "I hated to do that, but it's the Law of the West."
- a dog dashes across a vacant lot to the tune of "La France," which is being performed at that moment on his back by a migrant flea circus
- a bull who is charging a matador charges into the matador's cape and vanishes. When the matador shakes the cape and rolls him out again, the bull is suitably outraged
- a man who is described as having "one foot in the grave" hobbles into the room with a plot of ground and a tombstone at the end of his right leg
- a fifteen-story dog chases a twelve-story cat down a city street at daybreak. When they reach the corner, they meet a twenty-story mouse
- a desperado in a one-horse town fails to mount his steed three times in a row. He gives up and calls a cab
- a dog who has been foolish enough to allow a black cat to cross his path suddenly finds a safe, a wall of bricks, a piano, a tractor, a tree, four horseshoes, a horse, an airplane, a bus, an ocean liner, and a kitchen sink falling on him from out of the sky

From 1930 to 1936 Fred Avery (Tex Avery in disguise) animated and in-betweened Puddy the Pup for Paul Terry, Krazy Kat for Harrison and Gould, and Oswald the Lucky Rabbit for Walter Lantz. In 1936 he began directing for Leon Schlesinger at Warner Bros.; his cartoons here include **Porky the Rainmaker**, **Porky's Duck Hunt**, **A Wild Hare**, **I'd Love to Take Orders from You**, **Detouring America**, and **The Isle of Pingo Pongo**. From 1942 until 1954 he worked under Fred Quimby at MGM, where he made the series of bizarre cartoons for which he is best known. He then returned briefly to Walter Lantz at Universal, doing the first of the Chilly Willy series including **I'm Cold** and **The Legend of Rockabye Point**. After these, he retired from theatrical animation and has restricted his activities to making animated commercials at Cascade of California.

Mr. Avery believed in extending the limits of reality beyond the bounds of credibility. The restraints that other directors honored in the name of "good taste" or "believability" were bypassed by Avery's insane hyperboles and grotesque distortions, who knew no bounds other than those of the medium of animation. For this reason, he was never honored with one of the Academy's Oscars.

ADAMSON: Were you ever criticized for the incredible quantities of violence and sex you put in your films?

AVERY: No. Not in those days. I see it come up today due to the gun laws and all that—violence, violence, violence. Why, it was violence with us all the way through! Of course, we thought it was funny. I mean, a fellow could get hit in the head and stand there and have his whole body crack and fall in a pile and his own hands would get up and scoop it all up and put himself back together again. We always cleaned it up.

ADAMSON: How about sex? You're always having girls coming out and doing erotic dances.

AVERY: Actually, after we made the first one in that group, **Red-Hot Riding Hood**, we were thinking of the army. During the war we were making training films for the army air corps while we were also making theatricals. We had a sergeant there to help plan the training films and when we finished cutting and dubbing **Red-Hot Riding Hood**, we got it down to the projection room where we always ran the picture for the producer and the whole group, and the sergeant spotted the thing and roared. We had it rather rough on the reaction of the wolf, you know, steam coming out from under his collar and all that. When the censor saw it, he said, "Boy, he's getting too worked up," so we had to trim and juggle and cut back. It got back to Washington, to some Colonel or whatnot that the censor had cut out quite a bit on us. Finally, Louis B. Mayer got a telegram from the Colonel, saying that he wanted an uncut version of a **Red-Hot Riding Hood** cartoon for his personnel overseas. The studio dug around and I don't know how many prints they gave him but, man, it went over great overseas.

ADAMSON: Were you thinking of children when you made most of your cartoons, or were you thinking of an adult audience?

AVERY: Oh, we didn't think. I guess I leaned more toward an adult audience, even with the early Bugs Bunnies. I tried to do something I thought I would laugh at if I were to see it on the screen rather than worry about "Will a ten-year-old laugh at this?" That's why I never made any fuzzy bunny things. You

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Joe Adamson is best known for his forthcoming monumental history of the Marx Brothers, *Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and sometimes Zeppo*, although his own film comedies have won him three awards, and his research in the field of animation and his oral histories of pioneer animators conducted for the American Film Institute rank high among work done in the field. Adamson defines himself as "a graduate of UCLA's proposterous film school" who is "now teaching against his will at Pennsylvania State University".

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know, with cutie cuddly squirrels and little mice singing and all that bit. They started getting rougher later on, but at first everyone leaned toward the cute things, with little attempts at gags, but nothing slapstick to the point of hitting a guy in the head and having his teeth fall out. We built up to a different type of humor, a faster humor. You run the old stuff (I still call my stuff "new"), and they would take thirty feet of film to do a gag. We found that we could cut it down and do it in eight feet and it would still read. And it's funnier. You take television today, *Laugh-In* can get a gag in six frames of film—bing-bing-bing-bing-BANG! We gunned things up to the point where we could get twice as much stuff in a cartoon, getting from one situation right into another: a guy would no sooner get hit with an anvil than he takes one step over and falls in a well. Keep them going, and it builds up for your audience. A lot of those things wouldn't be funny if they weren't happening so fast.

ADAMSON: What would you say your impossible style of comedy derived from?
AVERY: A lot of it comes back from those old slapstick comedies. You can see some of the things they contrived with wires and so forth to get impossible gags—Mack Sennett with his Ford that goes between two trolleys and comes out squashed. We found out early that if you did something with a character, either animal or human, that couldn't possibly be rigged up in live action, why then you've got a guaranteed laugh. If a human can do it, a lot of times it isn't funny in animation; or even if it is funny, a human could do it funnier. They attempted to make a Laurel and Hardy cartoon series. Well, goodness, you can't copy their reactions and all of that. But if you have a fellow get hit on the head and he cracks like a piece of china, you know you've got a laugh! I would also say that magazine cartoons were a big influence. Virgil Partch starting going crazy like that—he'd show somebody taking a shower inside his helmet. Many times a magazine cartoon could be switched around and twisted into a good animation gag. Actually, we used any kind of distortion that couldn't possibly happen, like a character getting himself stuck in a milk bottle. You couldn't get Chaplin in a milk bottle.

ADAMSON: Is this something you worked at deliberately—"Let's do a lot of things that couldn't possibly happen"?
AVERY: I guess we did. "Let's go wilder than we did last time."

ADAMSON: In doing the sort of gags that other cartoon directors very carefully refrained from doing, didn't you find yourself in trouble? Friz Freleng insists that you always have to believe in the character as a living being, and as soon as he falls apart and puts himself back together you don't believe in him any more.
AVERY: No, I don't think he's right. Because I've done it *so much*, my goodness. But I don't know. It never seemed to bother us, as far as demolishing a character or making him appear unbelievable. It never seemed to bother anyone else, either. We once got the projectionist all in a tizzy, though. You know how a little hair will get in the projector gate when you're watching home movies and twitter and jump and jerk? That used to happen in the early movie houses, too. Well, we threw one in a cartoon, and for a hundred feet, spasmodically, regardless of our continuity, this little hair would jump around the bottom of the screen and twirl and twitch and disappear. We would bring it back, and bring it back, and finally in the middle of the chase the two characters stopped and one of them reached down and grabbed the hair and went ping! and threw it out of the scene and they went on with the chase. Well, that got a roar. The night of the preview, the manager of the theatre came back and said, "Hey, our projectionist just told me he had a heck of a time with that hair. He says he was trying to get it off all through the running of the picture." Then Metro started getting letter after letter from various theaters, saying "For God's sake, do something about that hair, it's been running our projectionist crazy!" The studio had to put a red sticker on every print of that film, and it said, "Projectionists Notice: the hair that you will see on the screen is on the film, don't try blowing it out of the projector gate."

I've always felt that what you did with a character was more important than the character itself. Bugs Bunny could have been a bird. Donald Duck could have been any character that blew its top every ten feet. It isn't what you see on the screen, it's what they say and do that builds up their personality. As a character, Bugs Bunny has an awful lot in common with Max Hare from **The Tortoise and the Hare**, one of Walt Disney's old Silly Symphonies. Mr Disney was polite enough never to mention it, because he didn't have to. People had been copying him for years, his bears and everything else, but he never did complain. He evidently looked at us as parasites. But if you look back, why, my goodness, there's a rabbit that looked a heck of a lot like Bugs Bunny, as far as the drawing goes. But he wasn't Bugs Bunny without the gags that we gave him.

ADAMSON: How did Bugs come into being?
AVERY: Oh, it just came out of a cartoon, **A Wild Hare**. I'm a hunter and a fisherman, so we thought of a hunt situation. We needed a rabbit, so we thought of a Brooklynese smart aleck who knew everything, nothing bothered him. Of course, the voice meant everything. We needed a human foil to work with him, so we had a little chubby guy to be outwitted by the smart aleck rabbit, and in the same cartoon Elmer Fudd was born. We didn't feel that we had anything until we got it on the screen and it got quite a few laughs. Warners liked it and the exhibitors liked it, and so of course Leon Schlesinger ran down and said, "Boy, give us as many of those as you can!" Which we did.

ADAMSON: Where did "What's up, Doc?" come from?
AVERY: I was fresh from Texas when I came here—I came out in '28 or '29. At that time, you called everyone "Doc", it was a high school bit. "Hey, Doc!", "What's up, Doc?", "How ya been today, Doc?" Everything was Doc! And I came out here, and I met a few guys, and they said, "Where do you get that Doc stuff?" Well, it was just an expression. I don't know how far it spread, maybe it didn't leave Dallas, Texas. So when we hit on the rabbit, we had the little guy with the gun, and I think the opening line in the very first one was "Eh, what's up, Doc?" And, gee, it floored 'em! They expected the rabbit to scream, or anything but make a casual remark, here's a guy with a gun in his face! It got such a laugh that we said, "Boy, we'll do that every chance we get." It became a series of What's Up Docs.

ADAMSON: So you never intended the rabbit as anything more than a one-shot thing?
AVERY: Right. They were all born that way, I imagine. Donald Duck was. When I went to Warners as a director, we started going through the old cartoons that had been made and we came across one of Friz Freleng's. He had a cartoon, I think it was called **I Haven't Got a Hat**, and he had these little guys coming up on a stage and doing different acts and then here comes a big hog and he stutters, trying to recite a poem. He stutters and it's funny as heck. On the basis of that, we said, "Let's try a pig." We talked Schlesinger into it, and we cut him down and kept him cuter and designed what is today Porky Pig. We started making those and continued them until we hit on the rabbit and after that, since I'm quite a duck hunter, we started kicking around a duck picture. What eventually came out of that was Daffy Duck.

ADAMSON: So you not only directed the first Porky Pig cartoon, you created Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck. This is an interesting record.
AVERY: Well, it's a good record. Of course, I was younger then. Later, I went to Metro and they said, "Give us another Bugs Bunny." And, brother, I never came up with one! I did give them Droopy, a little hound dog with a mush-mouth voice. He was rather successful, but he never had the popularity that Bugs Bunny had. I was there almost ten years, and I never did come up with anything.

After Metro's Cartoon Department folded, I went to Walter Lantz and started his penguin. He wanted a penguin, and I put it with a dog and we drew up some models. But the penguin wasn't funny, there was nothing to it, no personality, no nothing. So I attempted to get humor—since he wanted a penguin so bad—from the dumb dog, or the dumb sea gull, or the dumb polar bear. Shucks, you couldn't do anything with a little fuzzy-wuzzy penguin. But the cartoons weren't bad. I worked hard on them. We even had one up for the Award, the **Legend of Rock-a-Bye Point**.

I guess I made about six cartoons for him, then I started thinking about the contract. I took it to an attorney, and he said, "Oh, brother! You'll never get a dime out of this. You're getting

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charged for everything but the paving out in front of the studio." I was getting my percentage off the bottom instead of off the top, so I left.

ADAMSON: You keep creating characters and then leaving studios. How were your relations with the rest of your producers?
AVERY: Well, Fred Quimby at MGM was strictly a business man, he knew nothing about stories or gags and he'd admit it. At times, we had an awful time with him attempting to sell him on something, and we had to fight a lot of the way. There were some things that we felt would make good cartoons, and he would turn them down. He had no humor whatsoever. We'd have the drawing board all set up, and we'd show it to him and explain everything, and he'd look at it and say, "Why does he do this?" Then we'd have to go back and explain it to him again and point out all the jokes, and he'd just stand there and look at it. Then he'd shake his head, then he'd look at it some more, then he'd walk all the way around the room and come back to us and say, "Boys. . . I don't like it."

Of course, he was between two fires. We got smart, and we would wait until it got close to our deadline and we'd say, "Chief, this is all we've got! The only way to keep from making this show is to lay the animators off. This is all we've got!" So we got by with some things. That's how we did **Symphony in Slang**, where we illustrated literally a lot of popular expressions—"I was in a pickle", "I went to pieces." He had a hell of a time trying to understand that one. The cartoon he really hated was **What's Buzzin' Buzzard?**, about two buzzards trying to devour each other. He darn near threw up every time he saw it. Finally we got a notice that "This film has been chosen to be preserved in the Library of Congress Film Collection." He said, "They coulda picked a better one than that."
But Schlesinger, at Warners, was entirely different. Boy, he didn't know what you were making till he saw it on film. He might ask, "What are you doing?" and we'd say, "Well, we're making a Western with Bugs Bunny", or whatever, and he'd say, "Fine." Then he wouldn't know anything more about it until the rough cut. Then he'd say, "Gee, that's great! Give me another one just like it!" Or if he didn't like it, he'd say, "Don't give me one like that any more." And, as a result, we all had so much liberty over there, and I think it showed in our cartoons. Nothing was held back; we had hardly any censorship and no problems. All in all, he was a good boss, though he was hard to get money out of.

ADAMSON: Tell me something about Heck Allen, your story man at MGM.
AVERY: Oh, he was a great guy. Wasn't too much on gags, but on the story line he helped me a heck of a lot. Best guy I ever had.

ADAMSON: Wasn't too much on gags? Considering your movies are 95% gags, he wouldn't seem to be of much use.
AVERY: Well, you've gotta have something to hang them on. A situation or something. It takes two guys to kick ideas around. Perhaps we've just seen a Western and we'll say, "Let's try one," and things would evolve. Many times we'd get stuck and couldn't continue, so we'd put the gags aside and try it again later. Sometimes we'd go back over our notes and find an idea that had a good beginning and no ending, and we'd finally solve it. He was there continually, and while I was busy with the animators he'd kick ideas around and type up little synopses. The real problem was to build up to a laugh finish. Boy, you die if you don't get a good, solid finish! Most of the time, you'll find that our stuff could have weak spots in the middle, but it usually paid off at the end.

Sometimes we couldn't get a story out on time; we had to have one ready every six weeks. If we found ourselves coming back to something for a couple of weeks and we still couldn't lick it, then we'd revert to a series of spot gags, like **Detouring America** or **The House of Tomorrow**. You could always find spot gags. At Warners we did **The Isle of Pingo Pongo**, it was a take-off on the old Fitzpatrick travelogues. That got a lot of publicity for us then; it was the first time that an off-stage narrator had been used in an animated cartoon. Every time we got stuck on a story and couldn't get a good tag for it, we'd say, "Man! It's getting tight here!" and we'd do one of those. Heck Allen was a good man to have around. He started writing for pulp magazines, and from there he got an article in

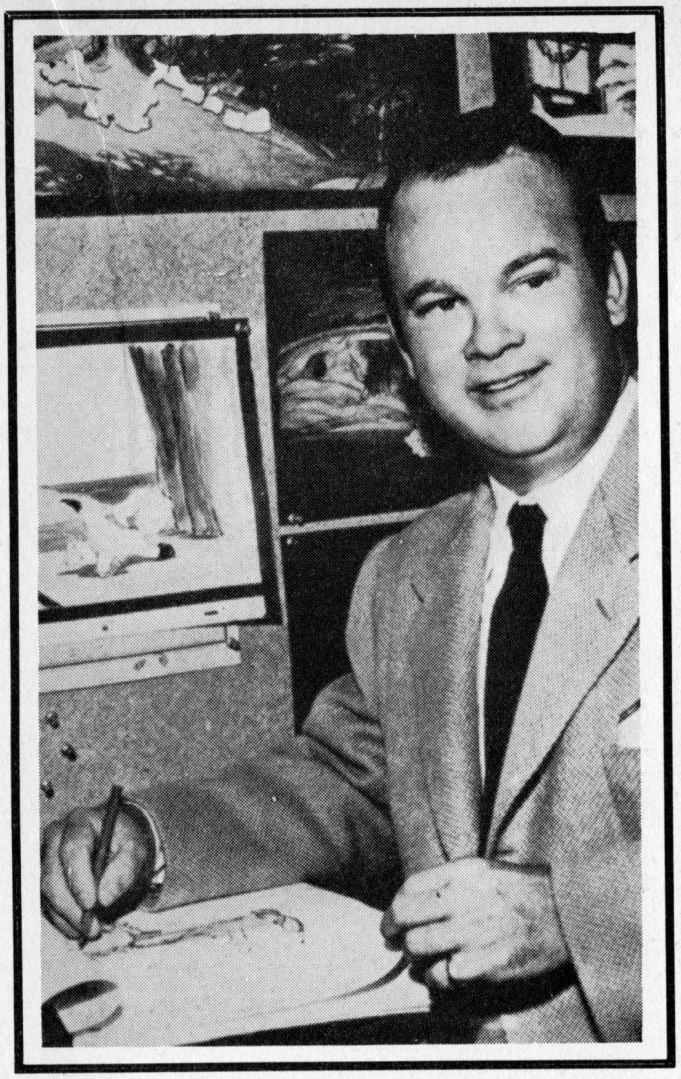
Blitz Wolf

True. He's quite an historian, Indian lore and all that bit, and he studied that stuff, and he read, read, read. Then he got into the hardbacks, and he sold three to motion pictures. **The Tall Men**, with Clark Gable, was one, and **Mackenna's Gold** was another.

ADAMSON: (Outraged) Do you mean that Heck Allen wrote **Mackenna's Gold**!
AVERY: He wrote it as a novel and they bought it from him. He had two pen names, Will Henry and Clay Fisher. I talked to him over the phone after **Mackenna's Gold** came out, and he said, "Look, Tex, tell me what you think". So I saw him later, and I said, "Too much chase, too many hoofbeats, and the Indian girl tried to kill the white girl about three too many times." He laughed and said, "Yeah, those damn fools!" I said, "I didn't think those horses would ever get out of the canyon." He said, "No, neither did I."

ADAMSON: Did Heck Allen's background have anything to do with the fact that you did so many cartoon Westerns?
AVERY: Oh, sure. And Westerns seemed easy. People always like Westerns—they still do.

ADAMSON: I noticed that your Western layouts were very similar to Chuck Jones' layouts for the Roadrunner later on.
AVERY: Well, there was a trend. We tried to get away from the blue sky and the green grass, and just do anything that made for a pleasant color combination. But toward the finish—the last year and a half or so—we upgraded our backgrounds, and that helped the pictures. In so many things you see today, a gag is ruined due to the busy-ness of the background. You want to see the firecracker, or the teeth coming out or the nose falling off, and if it's cluttered up with a lot of foliage



Avery at MGM back then

or something behind it you'll lose the gag. I discovered that from looking at old ones. Today they make the cartoons for television so fast that they don't have time to plan them, and it still happens. If you silhouette it, you can't miss it. Plenty of gags are also lost—and you still see it done today—from your eye following the wrong thing. If you've got a fellow dancing on the right side, and if the fellow on the right is too active, you'll lose track of what's going on over here. We learned that if you've got two people working in a scene, let one become static if you want to build up to a laugh with the other one.

ADAMSON: Did you ever re-cut a film after a sneak preview if you found you weren't getting the laugh you wanted?
AVERY: No, we hardly ever changed anything. Once in a very great while. I think it was a matter of cost: once the producers put their money into it, they didn't want to change the negative or anything. But we would get quite an opinion just by running the pencil reel. We would always shoot a reel of pencil tests, and then we'd call the entire group in—inkers, painters, office workers, secretaries—and it was like a sneak preview. You could tell whether it was any good or not. By golly, you might have a hundred people there, and perhaps six animators and the gag man and myself, maybe ten of us out of a hundred knew the show. There, we could change it. We could say, "Well, we're too slow here on this gag," or, "This one just *doesn't* work, let's pull it." Thereby, before it was inked and painted and put on film, we knew whether we had anything.

ADAMSON: What are the origins of those pet expressions that keep popping up in your cartoons: "I've been sick," and "Noisy, isn't it?"
AVERY: Well, I think the "I've been sick" bit started with a joke on the radio, and a lot of comedians were using it around that time. The ". . . isn't it?" gag was from **Blitz Wolf.** We used it once, and it got such a nice reaction we went and did it again. We were panning up the muzzle of a gun, and we panned up and up and up and up, and finally there was a sign hanging on it that said, "Long, isn't it?" It's a cheap way of getting a laugh—no animation, just panning.

ADAMSON: How did you get into animation in the first place?
AVERY: Well, gosh, when I finished high school I drove some people out for a six week deal, and I liked it out here and I decided to stay. I kept working nights on a cartoon strip. Boy, I sent it everywhere. I didn't get anything but rejects. But animation to me was nothing, it was just a step I had to go through till I got my strip going. I met a fella who knew a girl who was head of the inking and painting at Universal, so I inked and painted for a while. (They had guys that inked then; now it's just girls.) Then I worked up into in-betweens, then about that time Disney raided the whole West Coast for talent. And the three-quarters of us who were left had just been in-betweening, we knew nothing of animation. And I never was too great an artist. (Of course, I was still thinking, "Sure, I'll try this, but I'll still stick to my strip." But I kept on getting nothing but rejects, so I finally gave it up.) I realized, there at Lantz's, that most of these fellows could draw rings around me. And I worked hard, it wasn't that, but I just realized I could never be a real cartoonist. I could put it over, crudely, and that was enough to get by at the time, but I thought, "Brother! Why fight it? I'll never make it! Become a director!" And I'm glad I did.

Looking back, I don't know why or how Schlesinger gambled on me. When I was at Universal, Bill Nolan, who was Lantz's partner, gave me a couple of cartoons to time for him. But the exposure sheets in those days were nothing, you would just say, "Well, a fellow goes over here and he lights a candle, takes a drink of water, and stumbles over the cat. Let's see, it would take da-da-da, over there, back here . . ." and you'd tear off a couple of exposure sheets and do it in about twenty feet and give it to an animator. But it was that loose, you didn't know if you were going to have a thousand-foot picture or a five-hundred-foot picture. And on the basis of those two, I called myself A Director. I heard there was going to be a change over at Warner's, and I applied, I said I'd directed two cartoons. And Schlesinger took a gamble. Evidently he was quite desperate. He said, "I'll try you. I'll try you on one picture. I've got some boys here—they're not renegades, but they don't get along with the other two crews." And he gave me Chuck Jones, Bob Clampett, and Bob Cannon. Chuck was creative, so was Bob Clampett. Bob Cannon was a terrific draftsman. And they were tickled to death, they wanted to get a New Group going, and We Could Do It, and Let's Make Some Funny Pictures. It was very encouraging, and a wonderful thing to step into, since they had so much enthusiasm and they were all on my side. Most of the time, you go into a new studio and, boy, they start cutting you up! But we had our own little group, and I guess Schlesinger saw the light, he said, "Well, I'll take you boys away from the pain plant." He put us up in our own little shack over on the Sunset lot, completely separated from the Schlesinger Studio, in some old dressing room or toilet or something, a little cottage sort of thing. We called it Termite Terrace. And he was smart, he didn't disturb us. We were all alone out there, making the Porky Pigs, and he knew nothing of what went on.

Eventually it all spread out: Chuck Jones and Bob Clampett branched out on their own and took their own crews. Then Clampett got out of animation and went into early television doing puppets with Stan Freberg.

Frank Tashlin was working for Schlesinger then, too. We called him Tish-Tash. He would see cartoons and he would go to the old slapstick movies with a little flashlight and a little black notebook, and he would note down every Charlie Chaplin and every Laurel and Hardy gag he saw. We used to kid him about his little black book, becuase he was always looking in it for a joke. Well, the laugh was on us.

He finally did a cartoon that Schlesinger didn't like and Schlesinger jumped on him for it. Tashlin was a temperamental person, so he said, "Heck with it, I'll pull out." Then he went and did in live action all the gags that we'd been doing for years in cartoons. So many times we had told ourselves, "My gosh, this gag may be funny animated, but if it were only

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in live action, it would be terrific!" Tashlin did what he had always wanted to do, and it made him a name. [Tashlin has since written and/or directed **The Paleface, The Girl Can't Help It, Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?, The Glass Bottom Boat,** among many others.]

ADAMSON: As a director, how many sketches would you normally make for an action?
AVERY: Well, you've got 600 feet of film, and you'd give them at least a drawing every foot, so there's 600 drawings. These are rough sketches. At times you'd have a model man, and he would take your roughs and sharpen them up. Then from there they would go to an animator, and if he was clever enough he could improve these again. So the animator was working from drawings made by the model man, based on my originals with the positions and the expressions. I don't think the model man ever got any credit, though he may have been listed as an animator. Then, later on, they abandoned model men and went right from the directors to the animators. For a while at Metro there was one model man who did all the models on model sheets—one character with every expression and in every position. Then I would take my roughs and give them to the animators, and they would work from the model sheets. Which worked out fine.

ADAMSON: You always seem to be working late at nights and over weekends.
AVERY: Well, that's youth. You can take it then. When I started at Warners, we worked every night—Chuck Jones, Bob Clampett, and I were all young and full of ambition. My gosh, nothing stopped us! We encouraged each other, and we really had a good ball rolling.

That's why, when I was left out in the cold after twenty years of directing cartoons, I said "Why not rest a bit?" These commercials are a fast dollar, without all of that studio pressure. When you're making theatrical cartoons, you're using about a half million of somebody's big fat dollars every year. And you feel that you've got to give them something. If you make a weak one you feel, my gosh, you're letting the studio down.

ADAMSON: How much pressure did they give you?
AVERY: Well, most of our pressure was hitting the deadlines. The studio didn't need the films that soon, they always had a backlog, but it was just the idea that you were contracted to make so many a year, and also you have a payroll of animators and you can't afford to let them sit down without any work. When we would get a weak story, we'd get to the point where we had to let it go, right or wrong, because we had to have work for the men. Looking back, the weaker cartoons are the ones that you just couldn't solve completely, but you had to go ahead with them. I do miss the theatricals, but I'd never go back to them.

ADAMSON: What specific commercials have you been doing?
AVERY: We started out on the "Wonder where the yellow went" for Pepsodent toothpaste. We've also been doing the Raid commercials, with the little bugs. We've been doing those for . . . ever. Recently we did a series on the Frito Bandito, a little chubby Mexican fellow. We've been doing Bugs Bunny Kool-Aid for six or seven years, and when they started doing those the agency people said, "Wonder if Avery knows how to draw Bugs Bunny." I think that's when I started making it clear who created Bugs Bunny.

ADAMSON: Considering the current state of theatrical cartoons, I imagine it didn't hurt to get out when you did.
AVERY: What, all this yak-yak-yak? It woulda broken my heart!

TEX AVERY'S FILMS FOR MGM (1942-1955):

1942 *The Early Bird Dood It*
The Blitz Wolf

1943 *Red Hot Riding Hood*
Dum-Hounded
Who Killed Who?
One's Ham's Family
What's Buzzin' Buzzard

1944 *Batty Baseball*
Screwball Squirrel
Happy-Go-Nutty
Big Heel-Watha

1945 *The Screwy Truant*
The Shooting of Dan McGoo
Jerky Turkey
Swingshift Cinderella
Wild and Wolfy

1946 *Lonesome Lennie*
The Hick Chick
Northwest Hounded Police
Henpecked Hoboes

1947 *Red Hot Rangers*
Hound Hunters
Uncle Tom's Cabana
Slap-Happy Lion
King Size Canary

1948 *What Price Fleadom*
Little Tinker
The Cat That Hated People
Lucky Ducky

1949 *Bad Luck Blackie*
Senor Droopy
Out Foxed
Doggone Tired
Little Rural Riding Hood
Wags To Riches
Counterfeit Cat
The House of Tomorrow

1950 *The Cuckoo Clock*
Ventriloquist Cat
Garden Gopher
The Chump Champ
The Peachy Cobbler

1951 *Cock-A-Doodle Dog*
Dare-Devil Droopy
Droopy's Good Deed
A Symphony in Slang
Droopy's Double Trouble
The Car of Tomorrow

1952 *The Magical Maestro*
One Cab's Family
Rock-A-Bye Bear (?)

1953 *Little Johnnie Jet*
Three Little Pups
TV of Tomorrow

1954 *Dragalong Droopy*
Billy Boy
Homesteader Droopy
Farm of Tomorrow
The Flea Circus
Dixieland Droopy

1955 *Field and Scream*
The First Bad Man
Deputy Droopy (with Michael Lah)
Cellbound (with Michael Lah)

1956 *Millionaire Droopy*
(Cinemascope Remake of Wags to Riches)
1957 *Cat's Meow*
(Cinemascope Remake of Ventriloquist Cat)

(Note: Many of the films listed above were re-released by MGM seven years after their actual release date. They were then registered under the new dates to give the impression that each one was actually released seven years after its release date. All dates for these films other than those listed here are wrong.) ■

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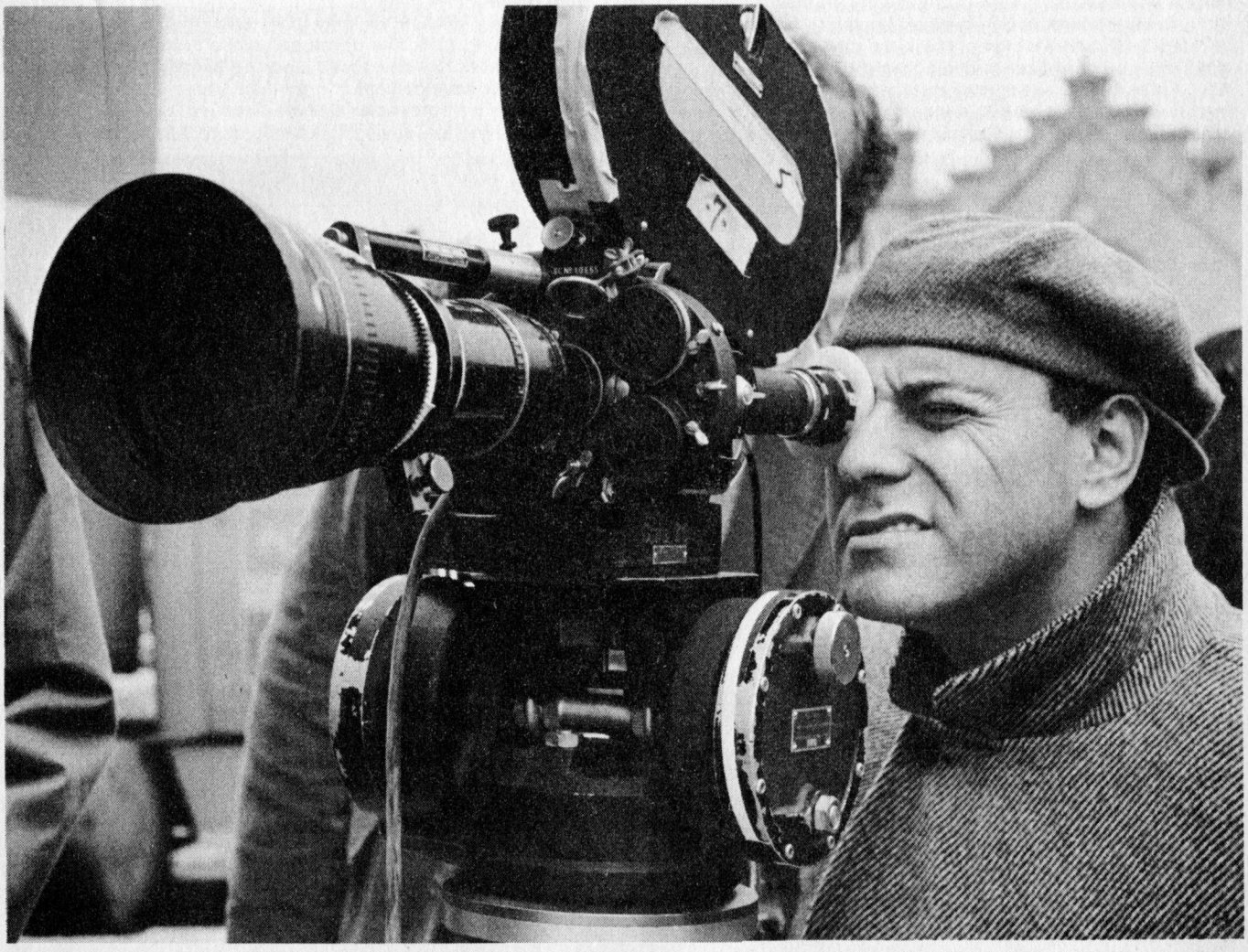
ON LOCATION with NOAH JAMES

LITTLE MURDERS



On location for **Little Murders** in an abandoned church on the lower East Side. It all looks more like a happening than it does a set. Scattered around the church are the cast and crew, a couple of musicians, several hippies, an assortment of Buddhas, a dime store Indian and a Virgin Mary. At the front of the church, director Alan Arkin is setting up for another take and at the back of the church the assistant director is herding the extras in and out of the pews.

Can anything be worse than being a movie extra, I ask? "Being an out of focus extra," says one of the out of focus extras. Can anything be worse than being an out of focus extra? "Yes, being an out of focus extra who wants to be a star."

Donald Sutherland (a star) arrives, sporting a full grown beard and hippie headband around shaggy almost shoulder-length hair. He is tall, 6'4, and has a deep resonant voice.

Faye Dunaway arrives and everyone freaks because she looks so good. She is just visiting. She shakes hands with Arkin, speaks to a few people, and then leaves.

Liz Wilson, one of the leading ladies of the film, paces the aisle doing her lines. "Ethical Culture said they didn't have to have God in the ceremony, but they had to have ethical culture." She is speaking to an old man who turns out to be an extra who turns out to be the father of one of the producers of the film.

It is time for a take. Sutherland has changed from his suede jacket and tan bellbottoms into a rumpled black suit and tie. He climbs up on the stage. He plays the irreverent Reverend Dupas, an existential priest whose motto is "God died for our sins. Dare we make his martyrdom meaningless by not committing them?"

"Last year," says Sutherland as Reverend Dupas, "I married a musician who wanted to get married to stop masturbating. That marriage did not work, but the man tried. Now the man is separated and still masturbating—but he is at peace with himself."

Donald Sutherland has been on the set for three days and is an hour away from finishing work on the film.

"I leave here tomorrow to begin work next week on **Alex in Wonderland** for Paul Mazursky (**Bob&Carol&Ted&Alice**), and then I come back to New York to do a film with Jane Fonda called **Klute**."

Sutherland's first movie roles were in horror flicks **Die! Die! My Darling!** and **Dr. Terror's House of Horrors**.

"I needed the money," he says.

Currently, as everybody knows, he is hitting it big as

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Hawkeye Pierce, the wild womanizing medic of **M*A*S*H**.

It is through his friendship with Elliott Gould, his co-star in **M*A*S*H**, that Sutherland comes to **Little Murders**.

"Elliott asked me did I like the part and would I like to do the movie. I said I did and would."

Elliott Gould is starring in as well as producing **Little Murders** in association with Jack Brodsky, for 20th Century-Fox.

An Oscar nominee for his portrayal of Ted in **Bob&Carol&Ted&Alice**, Elliott is one of the hottest properties in Hollywood right now. **Little Murders** is the eighth movie of his career and his fifth in about a year. From the role of a kooky army surgeon with a disdain for military protocol in **M*A*S*H**, he moved directly into **Getting Straight**, and ten days after shooting finished on that he was in New York to begin work on **Move**.

In **Little Murders** Gould recreates the role he played in the ill-fated Broadway version of the play, that of the young photographer who specializes in photographs of human excrement.

Little Murders is Jules Feiffer's vision of a New York gone mad, a satire on the values, dangers and indignities of life in the big city. It is a comic horror tale of the Newquist family who live in a psychotic milieu of impending violence. Their lives are plagued by power failures, shots in the street, howling sirens and murder, not to mention "The Breather", who telephones at odd hours to grunt and snort. In the end, harassed beyond all endurance, the Newquists and indeed all of New York, embark on an orgy of shooting and killing.

Actor Alan Arkin is making his directorial bow in film with **Little Murders**, and is playing the role of Lieutenant Practice, the paranoid policeman, in the film as well.

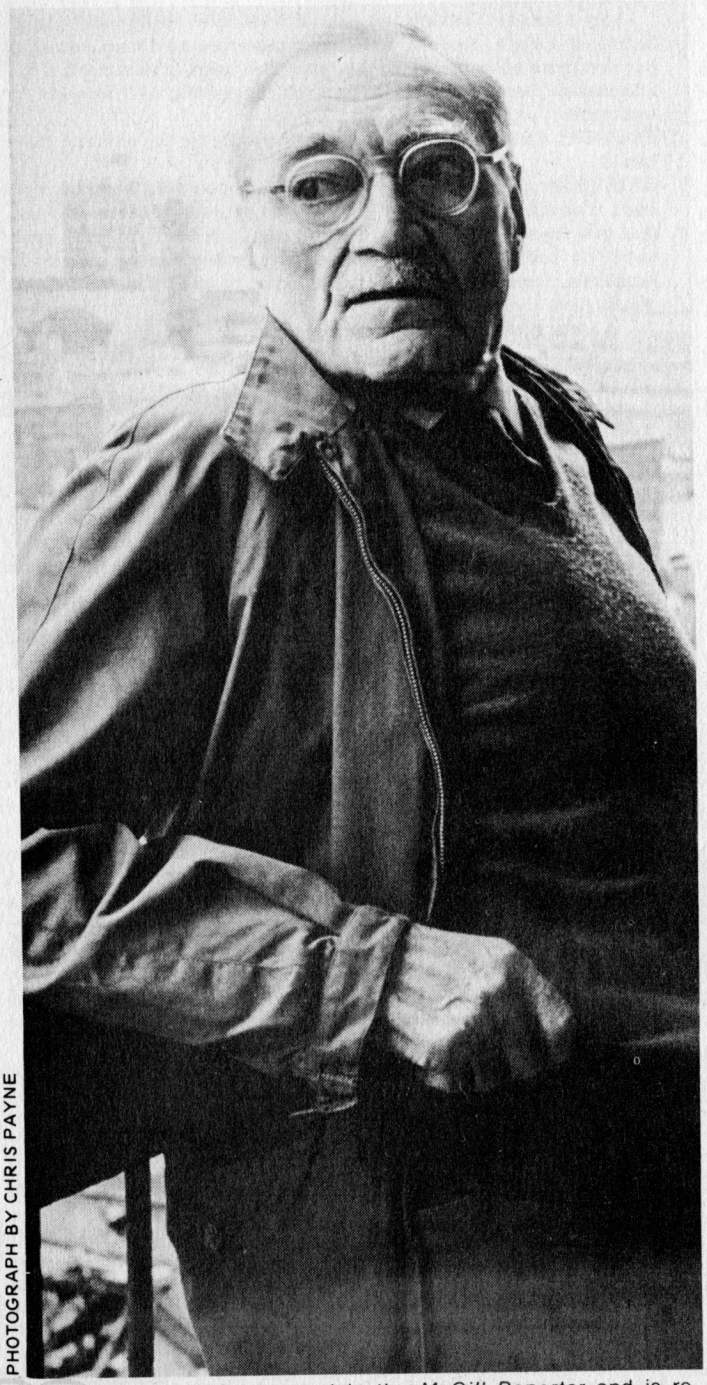
Arkin is readily recognized on the set by the crazy hat he wears and by his laughter, a loud sort of "hoot" that breaks up the crew.

How does he like being behind the cameras instead of in front of them? He loves it.

"The play was the play," he says, "the movie is going to be something else. I've developed since I directed it off Broadway and Jules has developed since he wrote it. We've both tried to work our development into the film. There's really no point in Jules writing a screenplay and me directing it unless it is moving in a new direction, saying something more than the play." ■

JOHN GRIERSON:

"I derive my authority from Moses."



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS PAYNE

This interview first appeared in the *McGill Reporter* and is reprinted by permission.

BLUMER: Will you comment on your statement that "Fiction is a temptation for trivial people"?

GRIERSON: I said that for you, but I really believe in the scarlet woman of Babylon, that there is sin in fiction and the theatre. I am not interested in the vulgarities of the private personal life, in any way whatsoever. I don't want to see it unless it is so significant that we interpret it within the Aristotelian canon – we must feel that we are looking at the fate of man. There are many stories in the movies that aren't worth a damn, including all of Bergman. Who cares a damn about these lonely old bastards, your dirty old men? Who cares a hoot? I like his style, I like the way he uses film, but his stories get between me and Mr. Bergman; I'm just not interested in his people.

BLUMER: What about a picture like *Citizen Kane*?

GRIERSON: It was a great picture! But that was about the death of kings, wasn't it? You are dealing here with great tragedy – tragedy that goes all the way back to Aeschylus. I like the 'B' picture, *The Last Gangster*. That was big time stuff.

Chaplin is more than a king, he is much nearer the spirits. He is an abstraction. A king is an abstraction up to a point, but a clown is an abstraction beyond that point. He gets near to being a god. A true clown is really as far as you can go in abstracting the figure of life.

BLUMER: What would you think of a film made about a bum lying in the gutter?

GRIERSON: I wouldn't regard it as a work of art. It doesn't communicate anything. I mean if I find a man drunk in the streets and the rest, living in his own vomit, he's revealed himself to me in a certain way – or is revealed by the camera. No significance at all. It couldn't mean a thing to me. Nor does it mean a thing to God. He gets in my way, then we'll put him in jail.

BLUMER: But he's a part of you, in a way. He's another human being.

GRIERSON: No, he's only a part of me if he gets in my way, but I wouldn't let him get in my way. That sort of human being is of no interest to me whatsoever. That is an illusion. To consider other people because they're other human beings. We're interested in other people because they're part of the body politic.

BLUMER: So you genuinely believe in a theory of the elect?

GRIERSON: Absolutely, absolutely. But I believe not only in the elect. I also believe in the elect having their duty. You see, there are three forms of the elect. One is the elect having their duty to their community, and another of duty to God. And the other is of the elect having no duty. Being elect anyway. That is a falsity.

BLUMER: What do you think about the cinéma verité school of documentary, some of whose members suggest that you can get at the truth.

GRIERSON: There is no such thing as truth, until you've made it into a form. Truth is an interpretation, a perception. You've got moral laws to affect it, you've got social laws, you've got esthetic laws. What is truth isn't a nasty question at all – it's a question that forever is with you when you're a filmmaker. It's to make your truth as many-faceted and as deep, as various, as exciting, as possible that you are an artist.

You don't get truth by turning on a camera, you've got to work with it. What is the truth of a human being, what is the truth of a street, what is the truth of a city? You don't get it by simply peephole camera work. You must yourself tell the truth to yourself at all times, and tell it to your subject matter. You must never sneak or steal.

The Negroes are scared that when you make a picture of them you take their souls away. They are the clever ones. They're right. You may take a part of a man's soul away, by making a picture of him. You may take a part of his privacy away. I always remember that one of the great things about the sophisticated notion of God is that God is to remain unknown. The known God is no damn good. So the known person is no damn good. A person is to remain unknown. That's why the Jewish writer, Arthur Miller, makes a great thing of this. He expresses it very very wonderfully in the end of the 'View from the Bridge': "The tragedy was that he wanted to be fully known." This appreciation of another man's privacy is something that is very vital to life, and I think all the more so in a complicated modern life. A great cameraman for me would be a guy who had a great conscience.

If I were a newsreel cameraman in a war, a fighting war; if I were a politician, taking a side, openly declaring that I was on one side, not a sneak-thief, then I would do anything. I would justify myself by having declared myself publicly for a cause.

A person must proceed in his beliefs absolutely coldly, but he must declare himself. And he must not take the King's shilling or the national shilling and abuse it. This of course applies to the Film Board. They are employed by the government to communicate the

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image of Canada to Canadians and to the rest of the world. So they're under special obligation.

BLUMER: Suppose I am a maker of sponsored documentary films. The company paying me wishes me to present a distorted view of something for its own ends. I have a wife and children I have to support. What am I to do?

GRIERSON: You may not tell lies to the public. Your duty to the public is more important than your duty to your wife and children, not to say your bloody conscience before God. You can tell private lies. That's o.k. That we do in fictional movies. But public lies may not be told.

BLUMER: Considering that cinema is so expensive; what social justification do we have for cinematic poetry?

GRIERSON: You would find it difficult to find any one of the poetic films in the whole history of the cinema that could not possibly be justified, either under the commercial category, or because the government sponsoring thought it valuable for the country, or the industrial entity found it valuable for the industry image.

In other words, there are many forms of social justification. McLaren isn't an exception, but it takes a long, long imaginative policy of national public relations to see the social justification for McLaren and experimental films of that kind. The justification is easy because it means that Canada can hold up her face in the art world abroad. And a distinguished face. It is good that Canada has Norman McLaren to export to the cultural centers of the world. In fact, McLaren has been the most notable single cultural export of the Canadian people for the last 20 years. It is one of the paradoxes of the whole business of propaganda and national projection, national expression — that one single figure like McLaren can do more for a country — for very little money, because McLaren is not an expensive item for the Canadian government — in the way of bringing prestige to the Canadian people abroad than many more extravagant and grandiose projects. And when you're talking of social justification, include also that particular domain of social justification.

So we've got several domains, haven't we, by which we can excuse poetry? In fact, I'd be hard put to think of a way in which one could not find a justification.

BLUMER: Let me suggest one. McLuhan suggests that the artist is the antennae of the race. He and others suggest that perhaps the artist should not be expressing values of his age, but searching ahead. Perhaps he wants to revolutionize society, perhaps he wants change. From a film point of view, the question would be, who is going to pay for this? It's obviously important, and yet perhaps there is nothing in our society that can justify this.

GRIERSON: I'm going to tell you what has happened in the past. When it came to making industry not ugly for the people, but a matter of beauty, so that people would accept their industrial selves, so that they would not revolt against their industrial selves, as they did in the late 19th century, who initiated the finding of beauty in industry? The British Government — as a matter of policy. They deliberately set out to make people feel romantic about the modern aspects of the fishing industry, which was my first job from them. They deliberately wanted me to update the poetry of craftsmanship, and introduce the beauty of the craftsmanship that went into making Rolls Royce engines.

So I invited Flaherty, no less, to come over to England and do *Industrial Britain*, a poetic film, if ever there was one. Who is going to pay for these adventures into the future? Always, government, if it is imaginative. Because it must prepare the imagination of the people for tomorrow.

BLUMER: Perhaps the artist wants to overthrow the existing structure.

GRIERSON: This is another matter. What you may have on your mind is another, shall we say, more divergent, adventurous art form, that you find it difficult to — I won't say to justify; you may easily justify it but you cannot see where the money can be *seen* to be justifiable, from a national or social point of view. This bothers me greatly, too.

I have *always* been a government film man. I was responsible in the first place to the Treasury, and I was responsible in the second

Who — or perhaps one should ask what — is John Grierson? One may start by telling what he is not. Although he has made some films, Grierson is the first to admit that he is not himself a filmmaker. As boring as it might at first sound to the wild-eyed ones with the 8 millimeter brains, Grierson's first concern is with money. As he so aptly puts it, it is pointless to discuss what one does with the medium unless we are talking about it in terms of access to the means of production. In terms of filmmaking this access takes the form of money, and lots of it. Thus it is said that when two businessmen get together they talk about money. Grierson's gift not only has been to place himself in-between those with resources such as government and industry, and those with filmmaking talent, but more importantly, to establish the sort of creative working arrangement which insures that this talent will not be stifled. It is said that Grierson started the National Film Board. In fact the Canadian Government had been involved in filmmaking well before he came from Britain in 1938. What Grierson supplied was an organization which permitted creative filmmaking to take root. In the words of the act which he wrote to create the Board, "Governmental departments should be free to supervise films . . . but where films are intended for distribution to the public, translation into film terms should be regarded as a professional matter for the government film officer and his associate producers."

Only a filmmaker bitterly experienced in the meddling of an over-anxious, unimaginative sponsor can appreciate the poetry of these words. Through such arguments, Grierson was able both to harness and liberate the talents of men destined to become creative forces in the cinema. There are many ways of being great. Grierson's greatness is particularly visible because of the extent to which others have reaped the fruits of his labors; not the least ourselves, the audience, who owe the existence of a whole genre of cinema to his creative genius.

Grierson's starting point is not the cinema but rather a concern with the issues of education and propaganda. He came to Chicago in 1924 as a sociologist to examine the melting pot in action and particularly the powerful forces acting on the population which insured that immigrants of every ethnic extraction would be thoroughly Americanized within two generations. His discovery, echoed by men like McLuhan 30 years later, was the not-too-surprising fact that the mass media exercises a tremendous influence on the behavior and opinions of the population whose lives it infuses. Grierson saw the tremendous propaganda power of the press. The press had the power both to mold collective public sentiment and to move national policy. Newspaper headlines, quite literally, caused wars; wars patriotically supported by a population fed on newspaper headlines. Grierson was among the earliest to see in the cinema an even greater power for controlling men's thoughts. What seems today almost self evident was his great selling point. To those who had a stake in influencing opinion, he offered the tools — a powerful medium and a pool of creative specialists who knew how to use it. What he sold as a by-product was a new type of filmmaking — the documentary film; a word he invented and defined. Strange as it might seem today, the idea of exploiting the real world and factual material, the idea of showing real people doing real things was, in 1927, a new idea, something that just hadn't been done very much up to then in this most life-like of media. Grierson was to define documentary as the creative interpretation of reality using the method of a "selective dramatization of facts in terms of their human consequences." His trick was to combine these simple ideas with an almost Machiavellian ability to make them come to pass. He created a movement that was to revolutionize filmmaking.

Grierson's astonishing success in this field he invented for himself stretches from the British documentary school of the 1930's to a highly successful television show lasting an amazing 10 years into the 1960's. It is a success that largely centers around a creative interaction which he has managed to establish over the years with those in power. He has the curious knack of using people for their own good. His first film, a documentary on herring fishing, was proposed to a board whose financial director just happened to be passionately interested in the subject. The early success of the National Film Board is due in no small measure to a personal friendship which Grierson enjoyed with Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The successful distribution of his films is due largely to the close personal ties which Grierson had established in both the British and American film industries. Finally, the cohesiveness and integrity of the documentary movement as a whole is due in part to a personal loyalty to the man John Grierson and the ideals he stands for. He remains today the mastermind behind a movement, the maker, not of films, but of filmmakers.

—Ronald Blumer

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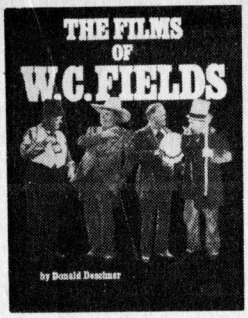

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place to the political consensus of the government, and in the third place, of course I was responsible for production. I was responsible for the excuses to be found for the making of films. And so, naturally, all my life I have lived with this question, and is it justifiable or is it not? I have been scared to death that artists would get away from me, that somehow or other I would not see the justification for an artist.

But to return to your question. Let us face it. If you think that I do not feel that I have been in the business of conditioning the imagination of mankind, you're crazy. But then, every goddamn rabbi, every prophet and every priest before me has been in the business of conditioning the imagination of mankind. I derive my authority from Moses. And I won't be pushed aside from this. I deny this miserable modern habit to deride or to deny the right of the prophet or the preacher. Masterminding is a valid activity of the human spirit, and medicine men are worthy of their hire. They all represent controls — all represent imaginative discipline, seeking of the power which will enable them to operate.

BLUMER: But what if, as a filmmaker, I wish to change society?

GRIERSON: Ah, then you're in the same game. You're preaching too. You're a counterprophet. You see, every prophet starts as a counterprophet. Then he is promoted to the establishment. And of course, you want to preach against our established prophets and prophecies. O.K., that's dandy, you're in the business. But then of course, in so doing, you will have to declare a message, a message that will be understood. You will have to put over your message so that you have your tribes of Israel that will listen to you. You will have to not only create a following, but you will also have to create the disciplines that maintain a following. As a counterprophet you will find yourself making disciplines that will be *tougher* than the established disciplines, because you are starting a new thing. And so, I am not very impressed by art movements that don't (a) articulate a message, (b) order their followers, (c) work through some discipline. I'm not worried about them, because they'll disappear.

I'll tell you what I'm really worried about, though. The current explosion of students across the world. It's a very genuine and big thing, but it doesn't look like it is finding a single body of discipline. There are so many aspects to it, so many self-contradictory approaches in it that I greatly fear that some of its values will be lost. If the students wish to take over the university it means they've got to be prepared to run the university, to provide the teachers, and also provide, really provide the intellectual life. Because there's no taking over the university and not knowing what to do with it. It's like taking over a bakery and not knowing how to bake.

BLUMER: But don't you think that, in a way, our elders, our peers have let us down? You can't turn to anyone anymore for answers. Religion is a laughing matter, politicians are feeble washups. Who does one turn to?

GRIERSON: You must turn to the last. No matter how nihilistic one may express oneself, somebody must eat. Not that I think eating is the most important thing. The first thing is to run the sewage system. The first thing, when a town is battered down with bombs, is water. The first thing is to keep the bloody plague out of your system and to keep death away. The first thing is sewage. The second thing is water. The third thing is food. It will go in that order — in the war it was a study we made.

BLUMER: We're well above this subsistence.

GRIERSON: You're not. You're not because they're not in Biafra. They're not in all kinds of countries. I'm very sorry: one is one's brother's keeper. And there it is.

BLUMER: Perhaps the students are reacting against established systems of law and order — systems that have let humanity down. Perhaps the point is that they are revolting against order.

GRIERSON: If the anarchists get in the way of the makers of bread, and the turners of the soil, God keep them, because they'll be murdered. The makers of society; the makers of the economic society will band together as they did in Germany and destroy them. Even revolutions must have government. Someone must say when rivers must flow or don't flow. I mean, there are rules of economics. You suggest a nihilistic situation, which is damned interesting, but I must warn you that all our boys are going to be grabbing for jobs like mad. Oh, God, I'd love a situation where there was a free-for-all for power. But watch what you get! You take it from me — the thugs will win.

BLUMER: I take it that you would not agree that the meek shall inherit the earth.

GRIERSON: Well, they haven't in my time. I've been brought up as a Calvinist. The more I've lived, the more I think that the Christian religion was a savage attack on the human race, a curse put upon the rest of the human race by the Jews. When I think of religion, I believe in Spinoza's God. ■

RYAN'S DAUGHTER

Produced by Anthony Havelock-Allan. 1970. Super Panavision. Metrocolor. 203 min. Director: David Lean. Screenplay: Robert Bolt. Cinematography: Freddie Young. Music: Maurice Jarre. Cast: Sarah Miles, Robert Mitchum, Christopher Jones, John Mills, Trevor Howard, Leo McKern, Evin Crowley. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer release.

The German aphorist Georg Lichtenburg once wrote, "a book is a mirror: when a monkey looks in, you can hardly expect a man to look out." It would be uncharitable to suggest that a lot of monkeys have been reviewing **Ryan's Daughter** but it certainly has been receiving peculiar notices. Writing in *Holiday* magazine, Rex Reed breathlessly informs us that "every frame is a work of pure and undiluted genius! Every young film-maker in the world should be required to see **Ryan's Daughter** before shooting another foot of film." The first part of this hyperbolic foaming at the mouth prompted Vincent Canby in *The New York Times* to comment, "there are, according to my calculations approximately 276,480 works of pure and undiluted genius in the 192 minute movie, which should put **Ryan's Daughter** on a par with such other repositories as the Louvre, the Metropolitan Museum and the Hermitage." Several other critics have evoked the name of Thomas Hardy in an effort to label the species of David Lean's romanticism, but in Hardy's world, characters have a fatalistic subjugation to nature. The natural setting does more than merely reflect their moods and behaviour, it becomes a causal factor. The scene in **Ryan's Daughter** which is probably the most controversial (Pauline Kael calls it "twinkling orgasms") is the love scene between Rosy Ryan (Sarah Miles) and Major Randolph Dorian (Christopher Jones) in which the entire forest participates—trees sway, the wind seems to develop gusts of up to 60 miles an hour, the sun's rays form Bethlehem stars through the foliage, gradually subsiding as Rosy beams with pleasure. The scene owes nothing to Thomas Hardy—the erotic romanticism of **Ryan's Daughter** is more preposterous than anything in Hardy's novels, since it is Rosy herself who seems to cause meteorological changes. The scene has to be accepted (or rejected) as an incongruous setpiece in the film, since it can hardly be argued that the film as a whole is seen from Rosy's viewpoint, and that we are seeing events as she romantically distorts them. Nor can it be argued that the storm is a coincidence, since it commences with the foreplay, and comes to a well-orchestrated end just as Rosy is in the throes of an orgasm. The scene is just there, serving no purpose, and the answers to the questions it raises are blowing in the wind. **Ryan's Daughter** has its lapses, though it has them in the form of intellectual enigmas rather than lapses of taste, and since it has been years since I've seen a film that struck me as being wholly unerring in its unfolding and development, it would be unfair to judge **Ryan's Daughter** by standards of perfection that perhaps only six films in the history of cinema have attained. Pauline Kael frequently commits the error of pretending to have better, more astringent taste than she in fact has; anyone who can call **Planet Of The Apes** "one of the best science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood," and **The Owl And The Pussycat** "the only good romantic comedy of the year," would, one assumes, have a passably enjoyable time slumming with **Ryan's Daughter**, perversely liking all that is wrong with it. But Miss Kael acts as if she hasn't been so offended since she saw Kubrick's **2001: A Space Odyssey** and Bergman's **Persona**. Miss Kael, who in her essay *Trash, Art And The Movies* explained her willingness to find art in trash, isn't nearly so willing to overlook the trash in art. Indeed she seems to *prefer* discovering the small amount of merit in mostly bad movies, to ignoring the minor flaws in mostly good ones.

Ryan's Daughter is a love story, a fact which in itself is enough to turn the stomachs of some critics. They not only dislike **Ryan's Daughter,** they dislike the genre, perhaps even love itself. Had it been *flawlessly* written by playwright Robert Bolt, and directed by David Lean without a single lapse, they wouldn't like the film one bit better. Since it does have a few exploitable gaffs, they dislike it with a vengeance.

Rosy Ryan is a young, dreamy Irish girl who falls in love with Charles Shaughnessy (Robert Mitchum) a schoolmaster twice her age, in the coastal town of Kirrary in 1916. After several months of marriage she realizes that Shaughnessy, though a kind and considerate man, is perfunctory and even dull as a lover. She begins an affair with a young British officer, Major Randolph Dorian, which becomes a public scandal, heatedly denounced by the Roman Catholic townsfolk (a mixture of alcoholics, prostitutes and political hotheads) as not only adultery but treason. Her husband becomes a subject of ridicule, she an object of vilification, yet their marriage survives and matures under pressure. What elevates **Ryan's Daughter** from the level of pulp fiction is its insight that there are forms of love, like the Greek concept of hubris, which over-reach common human standards, and cannot survive. As José Ortega y Gasset wrote, in the early 30's, "The characteristic of the hour is that the commonplace mind, knowing itself to be commonplace, has the assurance to proclaim the rights of the commonplace, and to impose them wherever it will. Anybody who is not like everybody, who does not think like everybody, runs the risk of being eliminated." Rosy's dreams are delicate and harmless, the conventions which crush her are unjust, irrational and serve no purpose. Any guilt she feels, any tragedy that befalls her, is social in origin, and as Lean makes clear, society is infinitely more corrupt in destroying Rosy's world of imagination and freedom, than she would ever be following the vagaries of her romantic impulses. Better than most films these days, **Ryan's Daughter** explains why progress in love relationships is impossible, anyone who defies convention becomes a victim of it, and even the slightest originality is construed by "the commonplace mind" as intolerable defiance. Because Rosy is free, she must be crushed, humiliated, intimidated by those who represent society, until she becomes as lifeless as the flowers which husband Shaughnessy presses between the pages of his books.

Ryan's Daughter is a rarity among current films, a beautiful and intelligent love story, told with disciplined sentiment. Chastened by society, Rosy "settles" for marriage, and as she exchanges her dreams for a mixture of prosaic realities, the film hints that her marriage will be adequate, just that, nothing more. She has been made into an average person, literally beaten into submission, and the film ends appropriately when she has lost her individuality, and is no longer of any interest to herself or us. She simply fades from sight into the anonymous mass of humanity, and from that day to her death will probably never be heard from again.

I find **Ryan's Daughter** a more satisfying film than any of Lean's preceding epics (**Bridge On The River Kwai**, **Lawrence of Arabia**, **Doctor Zhivago**) because it deals with heroism in a minor key. The film is not a tragedy yet it is imbued with a tragic sense of life. Rosy's not a great human being but she is much less of one when "properly adjusted" to society. Multiplied by ten or twenty million people, Rosy's defeat is the major reason why the world is as it is. In exchange for her dreams she'll be given a nightmare, and live the rest of her life with a bad bargain, what the commonplace mind calls "reality", having excluded all dreams of improvement.

John Hofsess

THE bird WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage is a small movie—a little horror flick with nothing to glorify it in big-name stars, top-flight director or splashy production. What is noteworthy about this film is its mood of terror—created through sophisticated photography, small plot touches and skillful use of sounds. Written and directed by Dario Argento and starring Tony Musante and Suzy Kendall, **The Bird with the Crystal Plumage** has a typical story-line involving a psychopathic killer, a baffled police inspector and an amateur sleuth. If one is looking for Sherlock Holmes-type logic in murder-solving, this is not the

John Hofsess, a *Take One* Contributing Editor, is currently working on two shows for ETV—one on filmmakers, the other on violence in Canadian history.

Susan Beach Vaughn is a freelance writer and critic working out of sunny Pensacola Florida.

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show to see. But for skillful technique, it can't be beaten.

From opening stop-action shots of a potential victim, this movie is visually engrossing. The first murder attempt takes place in an art gallery. The predominant color on the set is white—the stabbed girl wears a white evening gown, the walls and floor of the gallery are white also. As the girl's wound becomes obvious to the viewer, the ever widening circle of color on her dress is made more grotesque in dark red contrast to the sterility of her surroundings. A cold touch is added by the gallery's floor-to-ceiling glass panels which cut out sound as the girl tries to communicate to a passerby (Tony Musante). The only vitality of the scene is in the girl's blood—the life force so accentuated on the screen.

Throughout the picture are such scenes, visually stimulating in their cohesiveness. During one chase in a bus parking lot, the amateur sleuth (Musante) races along a darkened line of buses. The only light comes from the street behind the vehicles. As he runs, Musante moves quickly in and out of streaks of light. His moving body alternately appears and disappears in glaring light and heavy shadow. This creates a stroboscopic effect—visually exciting and fitting unobtrusively into the story of the film. At another point, the screen is completely black. Suddenly a small square of light appears in the lower left and just as quickly the silhouette of a man. It is as though a miniature screen is being suddenly employed. Actually the square of light is a warehouse doorway shot from the darkened interior. The silhouette is that of Musante looking for the killer in the warehouse.

Sounds in this film are as integrated to the story-line as are the visual effects. The soundtrack (and sometimes, the lack of it) heightens the suspense. At certain points in the film, a breathy, high-pitched tune accompanies the movements of the killer as he stalks his would-be victim. Heavy breathing alone is employed at times, so that when the killer's voice is finally heard via a telephone, the viewer is forewarned, but nevertheless shocked, at the soprano-like whisper which is the killer's maniacal voice.

It is a shame that the technical skills of camera and sound do not support a more humane theme or at least a more tightly woven plot. In spite of the loose ends of the story, visually and in its fear-inducing qualities, **The Bird with the Crystal Plumage** is together. For strong technique one would do well to watch for more movies directed by Dario Argento.

Susan Beach Vaughn

OK

An Alpha release of Rob Houwer production. 1970. Black and White. 80 min. Directed and written by Michael Verhoeven. Cast: Friedrich Thun. Hartmut Becker, Wolfgang Fischer. Ewald Prechti. Michael Verhoeven. Eva Mattes.

OK is a filmed stage play in which a group of German actors re-create (in a forest in Bavaria) a mini-atrocity which had been performed in real life by four American soldiers in Vietnam. The incident on which this film is based occurred in 1966 and concerns the rape and subsequent murder of a fifteen-year-old Vietnamese girl whom they stop on her way to the village to pick up some milk for her sick brother. The story is presented simply and graphically. The soldiers come across as a group of adolescent, nasty and quarrelling boy-scout types. They rape and kill the young girl in an atmosphere of total amorality; they do it largely because they are bored and haven't anything better to do. The film is a simple expression of the banality of evil.

OK has had a great *succès de scandale* wherever it has been shown. The irony of such a film having been made in Germany is not missed by its detractors. On the other hand it is being promoted as "the film that created an uproar at the 1970 Berlin Festival," and indeed it did; not because of what the film is, but because of what it is about. When it gets commercial showing in the United States the same thing will happen, again for political reasons. What will perhaps be missed in the scuffle is the sad fact that this is not a very good film. It is not even a good political film. Because of the style of acting — which I assume was deliberately theatrical — and because of the beginning and ending of the film (in which we see the cameras being set up and the actors putting on then taking off their costumes) the film audience is successfully distanced from the action. Through this Brechtian non-involvement, we are supposed to transfer this one specific incident into a hatred for America in Vietnam and a more generalized hatred for the sort of mentality which make such horrors a matter of course.

By distancing us from the concrete reality of the actual situation; by getting us away from the newsreel footage to which

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we have all become hardened; we are expected to get closer to the psychological and social forces which make war possible. This film demonstrates that this sort of playing with abstracts, this fragmentation of realities had best be left to live theatre. Film seems to work best in the less cerebral world of gut emotions — emotions such as those portrayed in another filmed play on the same theme, Jonas Mekas's **The Brig**. This was a film which had a universality, force and an intensity much stronger than anything that could be produced by five actors in the woods of Bavaria — far from Vietnam.

Ronald Blumer

TRASH

An Andy Warhol Production. 1970. Colour. Written and directed by Paul Morrissey. Cast: Joe Dallesandro, Holly Woodlawn, Jane Forth.

1970 has been a year of slim pickings at the movies, but that's not the reason why I'd choose **Trash** as one of the ten best of the year. Despite its self-mocking title, **Trash** is not a "dirty" film—it has none of the prurient sniggering of **The Owl And The Pussycat,** fewer four-letter words than **Where's Poppa?**, and less genital exposure than **I Am Curious (Yellow),** but it has one thing no other movie of 1970 has, and that's Holly Woodlawn: a non-campy transvestite with electric hair and buck teeth. Paid a mere $150 for her performance, Holly acts the way Bette Davis would have acted if she had got the role of Scarlett O'Hara in **Gone With The Wind.** The transvestism is incidental, and so is Holly's freakishness, she doesn't trade on either aspect of herself; she really wants the audience to believe that she's—as Ed Saunders used to sing—"a slum goddess from the lower east side," who keeps body-and-soul together by picking garbage, and with a pillow puff under her clothes, applies for welfare as a pregnant but unwed waif. **Trash** wasn't intended to be Holly's picture, it's ostensibly a waggish tale about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who lumbers through his scenes like an aboriginal of the stoned age. Andy Warhol's relation to other modern film artists has long been that of a Shreddie to Shredded Wheat, but with **Trash** his stature increases, possibly to the size of a Muffet. It's not a profound movie and there isn't much to say about it, except that it is an honest, painfully funny film, that rides entirely on Holly Woodlawn's galvanic performance. Warhol deserves a laurel leaf for discovering her, and a dart for paying her so little.

John Hofsess

COMING APART

A New Line release of an Israel Davis-Andrew J. Kuehn production. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. Cast: Rip Torn, Sally Kirkland, Viveca Lindfors.

The National Conference on Cinema and Psychiatry opened in New Haven, Connecticut to a capacity audience in the Harkness Auditorium of the Yale Medical School. The Conference was a joint effort of the Connecticut Department of Mental Health and the Psychiatric Department of the Yale Medical School. Unusually enough, **Coming Apart**—directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg and given a semi-exploitation release — was chosen to open the Conference, which was attended by almost 1,000 participants in mental health work including psychiatrists and psychologists, filmmakers and university film exhibitors. Milton Ginsberg and Dr. Arthur Solnit, president of the American Psychoanalytic Association, were on hand to discuss the film.

Coming Apart was a surprising and appropriate choice to open the Conference. It may well be one of the most important American Films of the 60's — with a profound influence on the film of the 70's. It is an exciting, original film in its artistic conception and a brilliant social and psychological insight into contemporary human relationships.

Rip Torn stars as Joe, a psychiatrist who has stopped seeing his patients and created an artificial environment in a borrowed apartment where a hidden camera records a procession of encounters between Joe and his guests. As the film proceeds, Joe begins to lose his grip on reality and literally comes apart at the seams, wreaking havoc on JoAnn, played by Underground Star Sally Kirkland. The apartment becomes a stark metaphor for the superficial relationships and sexual antics of today, and despite the artistic handicaps of Ginsberg's innovative conception, the dramatic action of the film remains engaging and entertaining throughout, systematically building to the stunning last scene which Ginsberg described as a "gift to the audience".

Coming Apart (which is currently being released by New Line Cinema to college audiences around the country) is more than exciting and provocative entertainment. It is a disturbing document about people and their relationships that makes such Hollywood productions as **Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice** pale in comparison. There is to the film an intenseness that conveys the spirit of the time. For it is the failure of human relationships (which **Coming Apart** highlights) that we must learn to deal with if we are to cope with mass society. **Coming Apart** is an important film that is only now receiving the audience it deserves.

Jules Lokin

Coming Apart

MEDIATIONS

JEFF SCHRANK

24-year-old Mike Curb, president of MGM records, made a big splash some time back announcing that 18 MGM rock groups were being dropped because they "promote and **exploit hard drugs through music**." At the time of the announcement none of those dropped had an album on *Billboard's* top 100 chart. It would seem that the announcement was a publicity grabber and a neat way to dump money-losing groups through the "morals" clause in their contracts. Eric Burdon was retained (he did have an album on the top 100) in spite of his rather pro-LSD stand and even "stoned live performances" of a couple years ago. Perhaps Mike Curb feels he has reformed. In a telephone conversation, Mr. Curb admitted the possibility of lyric censorship on political grounds.

The first **solo quadrasonic radio broadcasting** by an FM station was approved by the FCC for K101-FM in San Francisco.

Jeff Schrank edits *Media Mix*, a monthly newsletter for educators dealing with media and education. He also contributes regular columns to *Religion Teacher's Journal, Today's Parish* and *Media & Methods*. He serves as a media consultant to a Chicago-based publisher, has edited four texts, and writes books (*Media in Value Education*, Argus Press, Chicago, 1970).

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The system used required a decoder in the listener's home (similar to the early FM stereo multiplex adapters) to receive all four channels of sound—others receive ordinary stereo. Quadrasonics looks like it's here to stay and not just another fad like 3-D movies. RCA's classical music director, Peter Munves, believes that the "stereo era is over." Equipment is already on the market and some in low budget versions. Big hang-up now is the lack of quadrasonic programming sources. Vanguard has some tapes (Buffy Ste. Marie for one) in the quadrasonic mode, if you have around $15.

In New Orleans, the following notice appeared in the newspaper ad for a downtown movie house: "**minimum dress requirements** for admittance: neatly groomed, attire must be clean and consist of shoes, shirt, trousers, or slacks, dress, skirt-blouse."

Room 11-D, 51 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003. That's headquarters for the **alternate video movement.** Their first newspaper size newsletter, *Radical Software,* came out not too long ago with other issues promised. You should still be able to pick up a copy for $1 or a subscription for $5. The first issue had a critical note on EVR, a Buckminster Fuller pirated transcription, an article on videocassette publishing, CATV and a Gene Youngblood article on the videosphere. A must if you're into videotape or TV.

If you haven't yet read *Expanded Cinema,* (Dutton paperback, 432 pages, $4.95) by Gene Youngblood, by all means do so. Youngblood is no Marshall McLuhan but he does pose the first solid rationale I've seen in print for what is often called **underground film.** In his thesis he equates expanded cinema with extended consciousness, television with the noosphere made visible, synaesthetic cinema with psychedelic, and art with science. In so doing, he borrows heavily from Buckminster Fuller (who seems to be the media man's Ralph Nader), John McHale and eastern philosophy. Also included are "interpretations" of the work of Brakhage, Belson, Hindle and the Whitneys. I'm tempted to write a long review but will settle for a recommendation. Read it.

40 minutes of the best **TV commercials** from 1969-70 are on one reel and available from the American Television and Radio Commercials Festival, 30 East 60th St., N.Y. 10022. Included are the Alka-Seltzer "Prison Lunch," and "Bride's First Meal" along with the Kodak, TWA and Pepsi spectaculars, not to mention VW. The fascinating collection turns out to be almost a time capsule of the contemporary world and probably represents as much creative talent, work and money ever put into 40 minutes of film. Rental is $50 unless you represent a school, then it's $35. Besides the high rental you pay air shipping costs both ways.

If you work with slide shows with taped commentaries be sure to check into Syncromat, a new **slide-tape synchronizer** from Novalis of Ottawa. The $34.95 attachment slips onto any tape recorder to work in connection with any automatic slide projector. I haven't personally tried the device, but it sounds good for the price. Novalis, 1 Stewart Street, Ottawa 2, Canada.

American Documentary Films has available 16mm shorts such as *You Don't Have To Buy War, Mrs. Smith,* a speech by Bess Myerson Grant naming household products manufacturers as war profiteers; *Stagolee,* a one-hour conversation with Bobby Seale in prison; David Schoenbrun's powerful account of *Vietnam and Beyond,* and *Dr. Spock and His Babies.* Discounts on some films to high schools. Other films on topics of ecology, racism, American Indian, Africa, third world, etc. New Media Catalogue now runs to 40 pages. Write them at either 336 West 84th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10024 or 379 Bay Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94133.

Have to put in a plug for my own newsletter. *Media Mix* contains reviews of new releases in 16mm., info on print resources, TV news, new books, news from the feature film world and other miscellaneous goodies. If you read *Take One,* especially this column, you'd probably like *Media Mix.* It's aimed at high school and college educators but all sorts of other people read it. Eight issues a year costs $6. Try a free copy (mention *Take One*) by writing Pflaum Publishing Co., 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

REFLEC-TIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE

by HERMAN G. WEINBERG

IN MEMORIAM: E.A. DUPONT (1891-1956)

Maupassant once wrote a story, *Une Vie* . . . A Life. It's more than a good title, it's an all encompassing one. Every man's story is the story of a life—the climb to the threshold, and with the ardency of youth, with the fervor of youth, the setting forth on the long or short journey, as it turns out, in which the man's work will be done, the work that gives his life meaning. In the world of the cinema there have been as many stories of a life with unhappy endings as there were happy ones, off the screen as well as on. I refer to the short-lived glory of such filmmakers as D.W. Griffith, Mauritz Stiller, Erich von Stroheim, F.W. Murnau, Jean Vigo and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast, among others. Among the saddest stories of a life denied its completest fulfillment, as it was in the case of those directors, was that of Ewald André Dupont, director-extraordinary of the unforgetable, one of the all-time great films of the silent era, **Variety**, that 1925 lusty ciné-drama of vaudeville-circus life starring Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti, which Dupont made for Ufa in Berlin under the supervision of Erich Pommer. It was the world-wide success of **Variety** that brought Dupont to Hollywood and it was in Hollywood that he died, a broken bitter man, forgotten. He had never married. Only a sister survived. It must have been a lonely life. Of course, he is not really forgotten—**Variety** assures his place in film history. But what needed to be done was to consolidate his position in a book or at least a monograph, and now this has been done. Herbert G. Luft, to whom we are indebted for his scholarly researches into the careers of other great German film artists like the scenarist Carl Mayer and the cameraman (of **Variety**) Karl Freund, has at last supplied us, in his monograph on Dupont published last Spring in Paris (as No 54 in the *Anthologie du Cinéma* series issued by *Avant-Scène du Cinéma*) with the Dupont story. And a heart-breaker it is.

It is all there, the 65 years of Dupont's life, from 1891-1956—his start as a journalist (he was the first film critic on the prestigious Berlin daily, *BZ am Mittag*), his first furtive film scripts, his first directorial success, **Das Alte Gesetz** (also known as **Baruch**) about a young orthodox Jewish student in the world of 18th Century German aristocracy, his year's stint as the manager of a vaudeville-circus theatre which led to his making **Variety** when Pommer suddenly replaced Murnau with Dupont for this film because of the latter's recent vaudeville-circus experience, the stunning impact of **Variety** on the film world followed by the inevitable call to Hollywood, his American debut with **Love Me And The World Is Mine**, an unsuccessful attempt to do what Hollywood did not permit Stroheim to do in **Merry-Go-Round**, an evocation of the pre-World War I Vienna, then London and **Moulin Rouge** and **Piccadilly**, **Two Worlds**, his second film with a strong Jewish theme, the first European sound film, **Atlantic** (about the Titanic disaster), the return to Germany for **Salto Mortale**, a futile attempt to recapture the witchery of **Variety** in the soundfilm, the return to Hollywood where they gave him a succession of junk pictures to do, which he did perfunctorily, the onset of his disgust with Hollywood, his forays into script writing and journalism again, ending just as he began when on the threshold of his life, finally illness and death. I apologize for trying to condense a life of 65 years into a dozen lines—you had better read Luft's monograph, it makes very moving reading. It is illustrated, too, with stills from **Variety** and his other films—above all with the most touching frontispiece photo of the director, himself, in a pith helmet and sun-goggles and a director's finder glass suspended from around his neck—and the faintest, saddest smile I think I ever saw . . .

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been US correspondent for *Sight & Sound* as well as *Cahiers du Cinéma,* and published several books on the cinema.

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HOW? 6

by DAVID DORFMAN

STILLS AND
FRAME ENLARGEMENTS

Still shots from a film can come from one of two sources; photographs taken while the movie is being made, which are usually called "production stills" or "stills" and enlargements taken from the visual track of the completed film, which are usually called "frame enlargements"

Photographs of a film are helpful after it is finished, but they don't help a film get made. As a result, the photographs of many independent productions, if they exist, are frame enlargements, which is unfortunate, because stills are almost always better, both technically and artistically.

The technical superiority results not only from a much larger negative (a 35mm still frame has *eight times* the area of 16mm ciné frame), but also because a ciné frame is inherently less detailed and sharp than a still frame. The artistic superiority comes about because cinema and photography are different mediums. What makes a moving image interesting is not the same thing as what makes a still image interesting. Also there are aspects of a production which are not seen in the final result, *e.g.* stills showing how a particular shot was made, the director setting up a scene, and so on.

At one time in Hollywood special still shooting sessions were part of the production schedule. A large (8x10) view camera was used because the negative could be easily re-touched and then used for bulk printing by contact. Today, even on some fairly large productions, shooting is done on the set, with small format hand cameras.

The still photographer should be selected on the basis of the quality of the work he shows you. Usually it is possible to get someone to work for screen credit and film and developing expenses. The best still sets I've seen (*e.g.* G.R. Aldo's stills for Cocteau's **Beauty and the Beast**) do not duplicate the images of the film but comment on the film. If you cannot trust a photographer to bring his own taste and judgement to the project, there is no point in having him at all—merely owning a camera is not a qualification. If a still photographer is not available, the best solution is have a member of the crew take a few key stills.

The equipment needed is not complicated; a good quality 35mm camera is very adequate though, other things being equal, a larger negative is desirable *(e.g.* a 2¼ like a Rollei or a small press camera with a roll-film back). The things which may not be equal are situations where the superior economy, versatility and handiness of a 35mm camera are needed, or the still photographer's personal preference.

Over-shooting should be avoided; it is not necessary to have every shot recorded as a still, and from the point of cost, it is undesirable. Since most stills are reproduced in black-and-white, color is not a necessity, even when the production is in color. However, it pays to have a small number of color transparencies available if there is even the remotest chance that the film will get wide circulation—slick magazines prefer color.

Most of the technical problems which arise can be solved by any competent photographer. One that should be mentioned is camera noise. All cameras make noise when an exposure is made or the film advanced. For this reason, care should be exercised when sync sound is being shot. This is particularly true of 35mm single-lens reflexes (Nikon, Pentax, *et. al.*); their mechanisms are inherently noisy.

FRAME ENLARGEMENTS

A film should not be planned with the idea that the still photographs will be produced via frame enlargement when it is possible to shoot production stills, since the results are seldom as good and no money is saved. However, there are situations when frame enlargements are necessary. For example, when a still photographer could not be present and where the film does not lend itself to production stills, as in the case of animation films. I shall list the most common ways of producing home enlargements, assuming the end in view is black-and-white prints—the methods of producing good quality color prints via frame enlargement are beyond the scope of this article. It should be noted that in each method a positive copy, rather than the original negative should be used. (No one not under God's special protection should risk his original.)

1. A number of commercial firms will make negatives from which prints can be made. The cost is usually $2.00-$4.00 per frame. The chief objection to this method is cost, however if only a few enlargements are needed, it is no more expensive than other methods.

Two precautions should be observed. One is that, because individual frames vary in their sharpness and detail, the exact frame to be used be carefully selected. For this purpose, a light box and a good magnifying glass are better than a viewer or a movieola. The other precaution is that the frames be absolutely clean and free of abrasions. (These precautions also apply to methods three, four and five listed below.)

2. Shooting from the screen. When it works, this method is simple and produces adequate work. A 35mm camera mounted on a tripod is best. A fast, low-contrast film like Tri-X, developed in a borax-type developer *(e.g.* Kodak D-76 or Ilford ID-11) gives excellent results. The exposure should be determined experimentally, but with Tri-X, it generally is between f.2 and f.4. A shutter speed of 1/30-1/60 of a second is best; though a faster or slower speed will not affect the exposure, it will introduce problems of projector/camera synchronization. Care should be taken that the camera not face the screen at an angle large enough to cause distortion and that the screen occupy at least 2/3 of the image area. Mild distortion can be corrected during printing. Focusing should be done prior to projection; it is next to impossible to accurately focus on a constantly changing image. This method works best in auditoriums with professional installations.

3. There are several commercially-available devices for frame enlargement. The most common is the "cinelarger" which is sold in most photo stores for about $20.00. It produces negatives on 620 film. A somewhat higher quality device is the Duplikin 16 11, available from Century Precision Cine/Optics (10661 Burbank Blvd, North Hollywood, Cal. 91601) for $159.50. It is designed to fit onto the body of most 35mm cameras via T-mounts. For this purpose, a high contrast film such as Kodak Panatomic-X along with a D-76 type developer. Kodak High Contrast Copy film (which is available in 35mm only), will give truly excellent results.

4. A bellows attachment for a 35mm can be used to make frame enlargements. The method is identical to that used in re-shooting slides. A holder must be improvised, however. This method requires exactness and precision and unless one is already experienced in slide copying, it is not worth doing. Film and developing recommendations are the same as for No. 3.

5. Many enlargers have 16mm negative carriers. Since one is using a positive, the result of this process is negative. Thus one must either use this process to produce an internegative by printing onto film or print onto reversal type printing paper.

David Dorfman has a checkered background in and out of films (production, distribution, exhibition). One of his cats is named Lemmy Caution.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

A new concept in film merchandising to the film addict is about to descend on the world, and the experimental model is being worked out in Cambridge. It is called the Orson Welles cinema complex, and is the brainchild of a group of people who call themselves University Cinema Associates (UCA). Responsible for UCA and at the head of it, is one man, Dean Gitter (not an academic title, just his first name). If the local model works, then Gitter and his associates hope to put up film centers like it in selected cities all over the continent. Right now the Cambridge branch is partly in construction and partly in operation.

The finished and functioning part of the complex consists of one theatre, the Orson Welles Cinema, which features a rapidly changing bill—often almost daily—so that a vast variety of films flows through it; and a film bookstore. The bookstore carries hardbacks, paperbacks

Susan Woll has a professional interest in psychological research, which may explain her spending so much time in movie theatres.

on all aspects of movies and film magazines.

The lobby paraphernalia are interesting. There is an invitation to idealism, called the "begging bowl", into which customers are supposed to drop their spare change so that passing street people, out of bread, can stop by and scoop up a handful. The bowl is always empty. Whether it is the greed of the street people or the selfishness of the patrons is not known, but either or both seem disillusioning to Gitter. There is a blackboard on one wall to accommodate an erasable display of grafitti, obligingly supplied by theatre patrons. And behind the refreshment stand are a flock of canvas director's chairs, inevitably stencilled with names of the great.

This fall and winter the rest of the complex will go into operation. It has been designed by the Cambridge Seven, the firm of graphic designers and architects who did the interior and displays for the U.S. pavillion at Expo '67. Among the additions will be a second theatre, the Orson Welles No. 2, a screening room equipped to handle light shows, happenings and multi-media events as well as just plain movies. It will function in Gitter's words, "to keep expanding what we mean by film". This theatre will specialize in showing underground films, in premiering works of new directors, and first-run features or "lost masterpieces" that would not otherwise be available to Boston/Cambridge audiences. It's an ambitious programme. Films will generally be held for a week or two, in contrast to the rapid turnover policy of the Orson Welles No. 1.

There will also be a "multi-media restaurant" opening soon. It will be dedicated to the visual tract as well as to the digestive, featuring a large white wall against which films and slides can be projected while the customers eat. On some days only one slide will be projected—for purposes of contemplation—while on other days a virtual bombardment of the senses will accompany the meal.

But UCA will not deal only to the film viewer and consumer, but also to the film-maker. A store called F/Stop is opening which will carry "the most complete line of 8, super-8, and 16 mm filmmaking equipment available anywhere". The store will be staffed by film-makers, so that the people who sell the equipment will actually know its virtues and vices.

But probably the most ambitious project is a cinema school designed to accommodate some 350-500 students. The school will run on a 4-semester basis, with quarterly tuition payments, and will offer courses in film theory, analysis, history, documentary technique—in short, all the reputable stuff that is the backbone of cine-academia. Of course, the feature attraction will be studio courses in filmmaking, with the side benefit of a free Saturday morning showcase for students' work at the cinema No. 2. Gitter hopes that independent film-makers in the surrounding community will use this showcase as a viewing exchange as well. All in all, it is a whopper of an entrepreneurial dream, and unlike most dreams, it will soon be a reality.

Susan Woll

LETTER FROM N.Y.C.

BOB COWAN

Recently film-maker Mike Kuchar (**Sins of the Fleshapoids**, **Tales of the Bronx**, **Variations**) took a trip to India. I found his reactions fascinating and thought you might feel the same way. I detect the birth of a film in his observations; a possible new work.

"I was alone when I stepped off the jet and into the sort of intense heat you would experience with your head in the kitchen oven. Be that as it may, I felt there was also the possibility that I might find inspiration and ideas for a new film.

It was hard to adjust to India. I felt that I had exiled myself from my own people. I recall the face of an old man, who I think was a farmer (barefoot and dressed in ragged short pants and shirt), when he looked at the bus I was on. His dark face lit up with the most fantastic smile of joy upon seeing this sophisticated vehicle that symbolized a style of life forever beyond his means. The streets were a chaos of motorscooters, cars, bicycles, rickshaws, camels and elephants. My head was dizzy from the sleepless journey and I felt lost amidst the teaming sidewalks. Women would come up to me with babies

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in their arms and ask me to give them money to feed their children. In New York it has little effect on me when I'm asked for a handout—the beggar is usually a chronic drunk or an obnoxious hippie—but in India the effect was profoundly different.

At this time the monsoon season was in full swing, coloring the land lush green and filling the sky with spectacular thunder clouds. Wild peacocks walked across the roads. Together with an Indian friend I peered through binoculars for a glimpse of tigers roaming the forest shade.

Often we stopped off for snacks at many small villages far out in the country where the foods were very tasty, especially a sort of candy that is made in a big wooden bowl filled with goat's milk, sugar and flour. Mixed continuously until lumpy, it is moulded into delicious sweet squares.

In these villages and towns live the most beautiful people I have ever seen. Their facial structure is of Western man, but their skin varies in tone from a mellow brown to almost black. Many are six feet tall. Their faces reveal the sensitiveness of a creative people whose strength and capacity is shown in the overwhelming beauty of their ancient buildings and present day handicrafts. The buildings of India's past Empires are everywhere. A sense of vast space and a brooding atmosphere pervade these worn buildings. Flowered gardens can still be visited and the mind can visualize the ancient inhabitants that played games of chess on the checkered stone floors, using the harem girls as the chess pieces.

I entered chambers of white see-through walls of laced marble, of a design and workmanship beyond belief. The ceilings were inlaid with precious stones that glittered in a constellation of lights when approached with candles. I was shown royal garments worn by the Kings, their horses and elephants. One garment was the size of a tent and was worn by an emperor seven feet tall, four feet wide and with a huge slick black moustache curled up at the ends. I had images of his huge form atop the throne giving the penalty of death to a trembling creature who then laid his head upon the stone block that knew the brains of many men. . . the executing elephant squashed their heads into it. After the elephant died of old age it was buried in a stone tomb.

With all these sights and impressions fresh in my mind I headed north to Nepal.

Kathmandu city has a skyline of graceful pagodas held up by exquisitely carved wooden forms, temples with painted eyes and great dragons. The markets are crowded with friendly high spirited people. Many Tibetans can be seen in the streets and Nepalese men with dark skins come into the city from the mountains with heavy baskets on their backs. The smells are so different from Manhattan smells. New York smells of car fumes and factory smoke. Kathmandu smells of food, incense and dung. The people present offerings of flowers and food to the Gods which are housed in little stone temples throughout the streets. One Nepalese man presented his offering inside the little door and then went around to the rear of the temple and took a much-needed leak against the wall. Kathmandu has this kind of comical attitude about itself. Ancient temples are splattered with bird droppings and grass grows on the roofs.

People take baths and wash their clothes in large sunken pools out in the street. These pools are lined on four sides with stone dragons whose fanged jaws spout water. An umbrella is good to carry during the summer months for protection against the monsoon showers, and is also a blessing when the family upstairs throws its dirty wash water out the window.

My room cost thirty cents per night. It consisted of a bed, a light bulb, a mirror, a woven mat on the floor, and lizards that walk on the ceilings and walls (a refreshing change from the cockroaches of New York). During the night there is the sound of people with chronic chest disorders coughing and spitting.

During my stay, I witnessed a festival that began with the full moon and continued for seven days and seven nights. I think the celebration had to do with the coming to Earth of a very powerful God in the form of a small girl. The ancient streets were filled with men and women carrying candles and lanterns whose light caught on the countless dragons guarding the temples. The dancing shadows made it seem as if the gates of hell were swung open, releasing monstrous denizens upon the world. An angry metal demon, whose face was eight feet wide, had beer spurting out of its mouth onto a pushing crowd of men and boys, each one climbing over the back of the person in front, trying to get a mouthful. Musicians roamed the streets through the night playing drums, bells and horns. I sat for hours in the many temples listening to the priests chant and the musicians play. Sword dancers in historic dress performed, and children in monkey costumes tied themselves into rolling knots in the gutter as a torch-bearing runner led the way for a two-man mock elephant of cloth and papier-maché. All the stone Gods were dressed in orange, pink and yellow flowers. Grease was smeared on their faces and torsos, so that they became shapeless monsters of dripping orange slime. The startling aspect of these Gods made me realize how dull the Christian saints and sweet-faced angel women of Western religion were. Much more colorful are the fanged demons with three eyes and many arms, wielding weapons as well as the severed heads of victims, or the frescoes which depict alliances and inbreeding between humans and Gods, humans and animals. One example shows two women, one of them with blue skin, holding in their arms a pink pudgy baby with the flabby head of an elephant.

The skyline of Nepal consists of awesome mountains of blazing snow, their contours savagely violent and remote. A pure white land of sub zero temperatures, very little oxygen, and powerful winds. If I were to do a film here in Nepal, it would be a visual poem inspired by the incredible splendor of these beautiful peaks. They evoke in me strange currents and emotions that seem more of my physical blood-stream than of my mind. I am drawn irresistibly to the flanks of these geologic giants. I want to understand them, to face their inhuman greatness. I would begin the film in the blackness of predawn. Filming at slow speed, or frame by frame, I will catch the first rose-colored glint of sunrise atop the delicate snow peaks. They become bathed in light long before the sun shows itself on the horizon, and then remain so long after it has set below the world. In and out of the clouds the mountains emerge, glide, and submerge, like a series of apparitions, only to then seemingly disappear forever. Perhaps they evoke in me an acute awareness of my own restlessness . . . of ideas and desires not totally fulfilled."

THE ENDLESS MOVIE

by MIKE GOODWIN & NAOMI WISE

City Girl (1929) was originally made by F. W. Murnau as a silent film, titled **Our Daily Bread**. Twentieth Century Fox mutilated it, and released it as a part-talkie called **City Girl.** Although the 16mm print shown as part of the San Francisco Film Festival's Murnau retrospective was titled **City Girl** (probably to avoid confusion with Vidor's later, unrelated film which was titled **Our Daily Bread**),, it was the original silent version as edited by Murnau.

The plot is an instant classic. Tustine, a farmer, sends his son Lem to the city to sell the wheat harvest. Lem meets Kate, a wholesome, virginal waitress, and they fall in love. After the wheat is sold at a loss (due to a fast-dropping Commodities Index) Lem and Kate spontaneously get married, and return to the farm together. But Tustine is furious at Lem for selling too low, and bitterly contemptuous of the "city girl". He strikes her and attempts to drive her away. When Kate turns to her husband for protection, she discovers that he is afraid to stand up to the patriarch. Disillusioned, she locks her bedroom door against Lem, and patiently tries to stick it out. Eventually, however, the scorn of her father-in-law and the lechery of the farmhands force her to leave. Tustine nearly shoots Lem, by accident, and in the catharsis of the moment understands his antagonism toward his son. Lem stops Kate on the road to the railroad station, and together they confront Tustine who admits his error. All three return to the farm together.

City Girl goes back to the same city/evil—country/good dichotomy that Murnau dealt with in **Sunrise,** but instead of merely evoking it, **City Girl** demolishes it. A beautiful scene of Kate in the city shows her gazing wistfully at pastoral tin-types of cows and sheep, blowing soot off the leaves of her pathetic little potted plant, and listening desperately to the singing of her mechanical canary. Yet

Goodwin & Wise (he the film editor of *Rolling Stone*) are noted film and costume historians.

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the scene is undercut by one in which Tustine berates his daughter for making a bouquet from a few stalks of wheat: "I raise wheat to sell," he growls, "not to play with. Every grain counts."

Later, when Lem asks Kate if she likes living in the city, she answers, "I guess one place is as good as another—it's all a wash-out, if you ask me." Although Kate's delivery of the line makes us recognize her desperate longing for the country, **City Girl** nonetheless puts its weight behind the truth of the line as written. Things are pretty much the same everywhere.

The city-country identity is worked out in great detail in the course of the film. A clock in the restaurant where Kate works has the word "Regulator" written on it. Yet her life in the country is just as regulated, and her tasks are, in fact, the same: waiting table and serving food to the field hands. When one of them tries to make love to her, she cries, "I thought it would be different in the country, but people are all the same. You talk big when you want something."

The sexual undertones of the film lie close to the heart of its power. Tustine is the sole stud bull on the farm, and resents his son's efforts to displace him. He effectively prevents the consummation of Lem's marriage by his treatment of Kate, and the farm hands react to this like a pack of dogs on the trail of a bitch—with utter scorn for the unmanly Lem, and undisguised lust for his virginal wife.

Then, too, there is the religion of wheat—also a part of the sexual/fertility cycle. On two separate occasions, Tustine attacks his daughter for playing with the wheat, and both times he takes her bouquets and places them in his Bible; on the second occasion he even strokes the wheat against the book's cover before closing the pages. Within this framework, Tustine's change of heart at the end of the film is by no means artificial; the happy ending is not forced. Having nearly killed his son, Tustine cannot help but realise his error: he has been obstructing the completion of the fertility cycle, and has nearly murdered his young successor. Finally, like a true, natural man, he gracefully gives up his patriarchal position so a new cycle with Lem and Kate can begin.

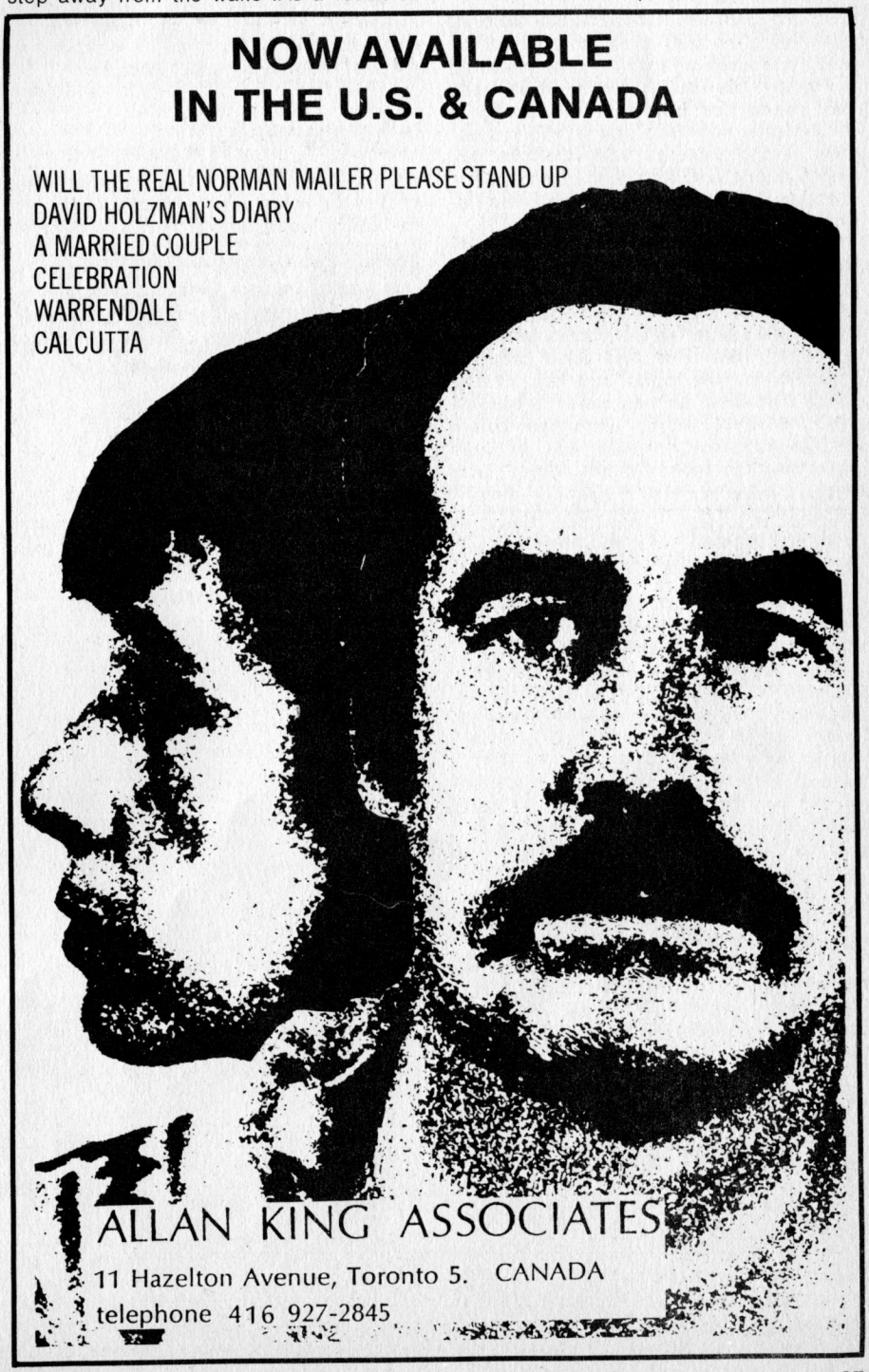
With a few exceptions, the visuals in **City Girl** are relatively naturalistic—but the exceptions (like the restaurant set, which looks like a Futuristic painting, or the forced perspective vista of skyscrapers and billboards that confronts Kate through the window of her tiny room) are amazing. Every frame is a perfect geometric composition, every beam of light and fall of shadow is made to count in the telling of the story.

At first viewing, it seems like Murnau is just taking care of business in a straightforward manner (for instance, a magnificent near-documentary sequence of a wheat harvest that clearly inspired the harvest scenes in Milestone's **Of Mice And Men**). Yet every image has a subtle significance within the film maker's symbology.

When Kate thinks that Lem has left the city without her, she goes to the train terminal to find him. But the train has left, the gate is locked, and a beam of light from a high window crosses her path. In essence, Murnau makes us feel that it is the light beam that bars her way—an image reminiscent of Adam and Eve expelled from the Garden. The shot which follows shows Lem (who has not really left) looking for Kate. He peers through the window of the restaurant where she works, and the smoke-filled, crowded room seems like a vision of Hell. The two shots reinforce each other, and lift the film onto a level of allegory that takes the breath away.

As in the shots just mentioned, Murnau saves the heavy visuals for situations where they are needed. For instance, all the interior night shots are supposedly lit by lanterns, which allows Murnau to use a single bright key light that casts gigantic shadows whenever characters step away from the walls .As a result of his artful restraint, the seeming naturalism of the images makes the film utterly believable, while the archetypical undercurrents are kept flowing. The editing, too is beautiful; **City Girl** flows like a river.

Murnau's films tend to oscillate between a black fatalism (**Nosferatu**; **The Last Laugh**) and a glowing humanism that in the hands of a lesser artist would verge on the sentimental (**Sunrise**). Here, he has merged the two extremes into a work of art that takes strength from both. Neither hopelessly pessimistic nor blithely sanguine, **City Girl** is a compassionate study of human beings working out their destinies as best they can in a dark and mutable universe. The world of **City Girl** is hard, but it allows for the possibility of improvement. I don't think we can ask Murnau for more hope than that.



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LETTER FROM IRELAND

Sept. 9—Despite a myriad of problems with faulty radio transmitters, bad weather and special effects for explosions, Roger Corman is pressing ahead on schedule with his production of **Von Richthofen and Brown.** Improvising—at his best—on a limited budget, Corman plans to make the film in half the time and at half the cost of a recent similar production —**The Blue Max.**

Editing proceeds at the same pace as the filming so that a rough cut will be ready one week after the end of shooting.

Already, the usual Corman ambiguities and ironies are visible in the acting of principles John Phillip Law as Richthofen, Clint Kimborough as Von Hoepner (his commander), and Don Stroud as Brown. In the midst of the most violent confrontations, there is an element of comedy.

The aerial photography is particularly spectacular. Corman built a special tower on the top of a nearby hill and photographed many of the aerial battles, from close range, as the planes swooped above the tower. He also used cameras mounted on the nose and tail of the aircraft as well as helicopter photography. The editor of the flying sequences—George Van Noy, a young Los Angeles poet and science fiction addict who edited Corman's last film, **Gas-s-s**—describes the technique as the turbulent cut. The audience is involved in a scene from several points of view simultaneously, with frequent reverse angles and shock cuts. The principle is that of the Light Show.

A very unusual and offbeat action film. Could be Corman's best to date.

Alan Collins

Alan Collins, an early contributor to *Take One*, is a Toronto-based editor and filmmaker currently working in Hollywood.

OUT·TAKES

I remember when Elvis Presley came to Hollywood for his first picture . . . he believed that movie fights were real, and that movie bullets were real, and when I explained that they weren't, he got very pissed off at me! And Elvis was twenty-one years old at the time! That proved to me the influence of motion pictures."

—Dennis Hopper

IN THE BEGINNING . . .

Film is illusion. A good film is one of those kind of hallucinogens that persuades us of its reality. Long before Jean-Luc Godard ever decried that "Cinema is truth 24 times per second," logic told us that there is a phenomenon peculiar to eyesight known as "persistence of vision". It is the illusion that creates the effect of continuous motion in a movie. Cinema is really just 24 similar-but-slightly-different still photographs per second. The magic is your own perception.

"I am really a conjurer," wrote Ingmar Bergman, "since cinematography is based on a deception of the human eye. When I show a film I am guilty of deceit. I use an apparatus with which I can sway my audience in a highly emotional manner. Thus I am either an impostor or, when the audience is willing to be taken in, a conjurer. I perform my conjuring tricks with an apparatus so expensive and so wonderful that any entertainer in history would have given anything to have it."

In fact, the earliest pictures, made in France by Georges Méliès in the late 1890's, were just that: magic acts on short (about a minute each) films made using trick photography to record tricks otherwise impossible on stage. These early movies held a fascination beyond belief for the first audiences in France and America. Méliès realized that "Film IS Life." Because a film can encompass purely objective recording of information, or it can be a powerful weapon as propaganda, or an aesthetic creation as art. An outstanding film is able to carefully integrate all three of these aspects.

That's what Méliès meant; a film makes its own reality and then comes to life and sustains itself.

To say "the rest is history" would be absurd. Film is the newest artform we have, born this century, still being explored. No film history written yet has any lasting perspective on the subject. The exploration and expansion of cinema is still in progress. It is relatively without dogma or stifling tradition. As the current film fad indicates, it is as immediate as the future, and as open to new possibilities as current and future artists want to make it. In movies, the classics are still being made, and we're still in the midst of it all.

There has always been the independent, experimental or avantgarde filmmaker. There once was an institutionalized caste system hierarchy that invented and perpetuated myths, stars, epics and mil-

Clay Colt is an itinerant freelance writer who sent this contribution from Putney, Vermont.

A scene from **Von Richthofen and Brown**

Director Corman at work.

lions. It was Hollywood. In many respects the commercially oriented mediocrity of the old Hollywood may be done with. Unfortunately, the major studios know that today film is more than ever before a lucrative business. Yessirree, the schmucks still know there's no business like show business. They have also recently discovered they must sell to a more sophisticated audience, one which demands films with something to say, expressed articulately, honestly and uniquely. Quality instead of mediocrity. Expansion of consciousness rather than anesthesia. Greater challenges, higher risks, and greater personal rewards confront the filmmaker. Hollywood's still cashing in on current trend, with cheap exploitations, and by trying to lure independents to work through the system, the dying Industry. The best recent films are helping to finish it off. "Hollywood will rot on the windmills of eternity," wrote Allen Ginsberg, "Yes Hollywood will get what it deserves."

Clay Colt

SUNDRY NOTES FOR A MONDAY MORNING

Dennis Kawicki

Special spot announcements are being added to NET's "Black Journal" by the program's new executive producer, Tony Brown: "They will combat the systematic manner in which blacks are taught to reject our values for white values." For example, a black man with 'processed' hair is rejected by black women until he switches to a 'natural.' His testimonial: "I'm glad I came back."... *The Collected Works of Sergei Eisenstein* will be published in 4 volumes by the M.I.T. Press, with the first volume scheduled to appear in the Spring of '71... Perhaps the most patriotic science fiction film in existence is **Red Planet Mars**, a film made during the McCarthy era which exposes, directly from the voice of God (who lives on Mars and is contacted on the radio), the evils of Communism. The Earth's populace becomes psalm-singing Christians overnight and world Communism falls, crumbling like an ash. Rev. Carl McIntire's favorite film, no doubt... It is by now common knowledge that Nixon ordered troops into Cambodia after seeing **Patton** and signed Mitchell's new Washington crime bill (with the notorious 'no-knock' clause) after seeing **Chisum** (a film in which the 'good guys', including John Wayne, take the law into their own hands). In the speculation that followed these events, several commentators drew up lists of films they would not want leading political prisoners to see; one list included the hope that Attorney General Mitchell would not see **Birth of a Nation** for fear it might unduly influence the administration's 'Southern Strategy.' And we wonder: Did Judge Julius Hoffman see **The Ox-Bow Incident** before the Chicago Conspiracy trial?... And last but not least, the following item from the *New York Times* advertising page: "Agencies around town have been receiving a letter from Warner Bros. that offers to put clients' products in the movies. A maximum of 40 flicks a year is possible and the minimum contract is for 10. The letter, which estimates that 15 million people get to see the average film, says that products will be 'shown in a good light', either in use or on display. Or maybe you'd rather have a delivery truck or sign show up. 'I am sure', the writer notes, 'you realize that your products would receive enormous public attention by a prestigious film company. They are made with established names and valuable scripts, all of which becomes an important vehicle public relations wise and sales wise, for your company.' " Maybe the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will offer a new 'Oscar' for "The Most Skillfully Concealed Commercial in a Feature Film."

Dennis Kawicki is a Michigan-based writer-film collector. His column appears originally in *Cinéaste* magazine (144 Bleecker Street, New York, New York 10012).

BOOKS

Gerald Pratley; **The Cinema of John Frankenheimer**. 240 pp., Zwemmer/Barnes, $3.95 in Canada (Smithers & Bonelli, Toronto).

With his book on John Frankenheimer, Gerald Pratley has devised an excellent format for dealing with a living director. Each of Frankenheimer's feature films is dealt with in a separate chapter containing credits, a synopsis and a "comment" by Pratley. The largest part of each chapter, however, is devoted to the director's own comments on the film. These comments were culled from long interviews which Pratley did in June and December of 1968. (And as is, unfortunately, rarely the case, Pratley goes out of his way to describe the circumstances under which the interview took place.)

There are also sections devoted to Frankenheimer's early career, to his years in television and to his views on various aspects of filmmaking which were not covered in the chapters on individual films. As well, the book contains a description of Frankenheimer at work on **The Gypsy Moths** and a summary of his career. As usual with the Zwemmer series the numerous photos are well integrated into the text, but extra bonuses here are excerpts from shooting scripts and a listing of the plays Frankenheimer directed for television.

Pratley does not hestitate to point out what he considers to be flaws in the films even though he considers Frankenheimer to be "probably the most important director at work in the American cinema today." To some extent, your interest in this book will depend on how much you agree with his evaluation.

Joe Medjuck

Joe Medjuck, Associate Editor-Publisher of *Take One*, teaches film courses at both the University of Toronto and the University of Western Ontario, meanwhile working ahead on his doctorate.

Until the arrival of the next medium (EVR, sound super 8, home communicators—take your pick), the best film record most of us will be able to afford will be published screenplays. Unfortunately the term "screenplay" can cover a number of possibilities—the screenwriter's original work, the final shooting script, or a transcription of what actually appears on the screen—and rarely do published screenplays make it obvious which possibility they cover.

Until recently the problem was rather academic since few scripts of any kind were published (excluding "novelizations" of films, which are often quite entertaining in themselves but are usually unreliable as an accurate record of a film). Now, however, screenplays of popular films are appearing in increasing numbers, and at least three publishing houses have begun series of film scripts.

Paperback companies have from time to time over the last decade done excellent jobs with the scripts of popular foreign films (they usually preferred novelizations for American films). A version of Godard's **The Married Woman** was at one time available from Medallion Books. Ballantine Books brought out excellent editions of Fellini's **La Dolce Vita** and **Juliet of the Spirits,** the latter containing both the final screenplay *and* a transcription of the film as well as interviews and essays. Bantam has released the screenplay of **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid** treating it as an offering from one of their best-selling authors, William Goldman. This seems to be the original screenplay and differs considerably from, and is much more interesting than, the final film. (Another author whose screenplays have appeared in print because of his reputation as a writer is the late James Agee. **Agee on Film Vol. Two** contains his collected screenplays, volume one being a collection of his reviews—probably the only such collection by one author worth owning.)

Avon has released the script of **They Shoot Horses Don't They?** in an edition which includes Horace McCoy's original novel. The novel is great, but the script (along with a short note by director Sydney Pollack) suggests that the filmmakers missed the point from the beginning.

Avon has dispensed with the usual stills, but not so the Signet edition of **Easy Rider,** which has black and white stills integrated into the text as well as a special section for (whoopie) colour stills. The latter are pretty well a waste of money and effort since the colour in still reproductions rarely corresponds to the colour in the film. The Signet edition of **Faces** (which, for some reason, came out a year after most of the interest in the film had subsided) has its black and white stills in a special section and contains both the original screenplay and a transcription of the finished film running side by side on opposite pages. The original story seems to have been shortened a

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great deal during the shooting and there is often page after page of blank space staring out at you from the final script side—which makes for a nicely designed book as well as an interesting study of how a film is made. The two Signet screenplays are part of the Signet Film Series which includes other books as well as screenplays (e.g. **The Making of Kubrick's 2001**). Both of these volumes contain interesting articles and interviews along with the screenplays.

The chief advantages of these paperback editions are their availability (often any drugstore will carry them) and their price ($.75-$1.25), their disadvantages being that they go out of print quickly (it's almost impossible to obtain the Godard or the two Fellini's anymore) and are poorly bound. Ballantine Books have now brought out an edition of **Fellini Satyricon** very similar to that of **Juliet of the Spirits** but in a larger format. Unfortunately, though it costs $3.95 it is bound no better than the earlier script which cost $.75. They've thus managed to do away with the advantages of a paperback edition while retaining at least one of the disadvantages.

The paperback series brought out by Simon & Schuster (Musson in Canada) in conjunction with Lorrimer in England are also large format, but in this case well bound, paperbacks. Many of the scripts are translations from the French magazine *L'Avant Scène du Cinéma* which each issue publishes a new screenplay. Most of the titles in the series sell for $1.95 (slightly higher in Canada, of course) and though the stills are not integrated into the text, their whereabouts are indicated at the appropriate points in the text. The scripts issued so far have covered a broad range of art cinema favorites, e.g. **Potemkin, Jules and Jim, Bicycle Thief, Pierrot Le Fou.** Unfortunately, Simon and Schuster have not as yet published two of the more interesting titles from the Lorrimer series: Godard's **Made In USA** and **Le Petit Soldat**, and neither English language publisher has so far translated some of the more esoteric *L'Avant Scène* selections such as **Shock Corridor** or **The Nutty Professor.**

Orion Press (Fitzhenry & Whiteside in Canada) have brought out a series which includes editions of multiple screenplays by Antonioni (**Il Grido**, **L'Avventura**, **La Notte**, **The Eclipse**) Bergman (his trilogy), Bunuel (**Viridiana**, **El Angel Exterminador**, **Simon del Desierto**) Cocteau (**Blood of a Poet, Testament of Orpheus**), Clair (**Le silence est d'or**, **La beauté du diable**, **Les belles-de-nuit**, **Les grandes manoeuvres**) and Visconti (**La Terra Trema** and **Senso** in one volume and **White Nights**, **Rocco and His Brothers** and **The Job** in another) as well as editions containing single screenplays (**Miracle in Milan**, **China is Near**). The prices range from $5 to $10 for the hardcover editions and, though this is reasonable for the volumes containing three or four screenplays, it is a bit high for those containing only one. The Bergman trilogy has been published in paperback by Grove Press in the US and Calder and Boyers in the UK; Orion itself has brought out paperbacks of the Bellocchio, Clair, Bunuel, and Visconti volumes with a price range of $1.95-$4.95—a bit of a bargain for well bound, large format paperbacks.

The best series to appear so far has been the Grove Press Film Book series under the general editorship of Robert Hughs. As yet only four volumes have been published: **400 Blows, Rashomon, Masculin-Féminin** and **L'Avventura.** These are standard format paperbacks with standard shitty binding, contain over 250 pages and sell for $1.95 (slightly higher youknowwhere). Each script is a transcription of the finished film with copious frame enlargements, rather than stills, integrated into the text. Each of the volumes has a separate editor (e.g. Donald Ritchie for **Rashomon**) and what makes these scripts especially valuable is the additional material which these editors include: reviews (favourable and otherwise), interviews, production information and, in the case of **Masculin-Féminin** and **Rashomon,** the short stories that inspired the films.

But, despite their quality, it appears that the Grove Press Film Books have not been a success; these first four volumes appeared a year ago and though Grove has published scripts from some of their skin flicks no new titles have been forthcoming from the Film Book series.

Hopefully this is not an indication that the flood of screenplays now on the market are failing to sell. If it is you'd better buy up any that interest you before the fad for publishing them blows over—it's awfully hard to buy a hula hoop nowadays.

Joe Medjuck

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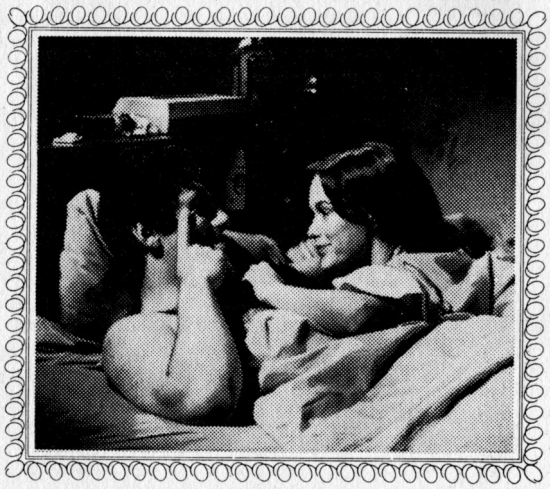

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